McKean County Miner.

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BERRY, PATTON, HILTON, BENSON, CARRY COUNTY.

Congressman Patton Only Republican to Carry County.

IT WAS A REGULAR LANDSLIDE.

Campaign of Education Waged in Behalf of Berry Failed to Bring Results Desired by the Allied Political Forces of State—One Keystone Democrat Elected to Congress.

Philadelphia, Nov. 9.—Belater returns show that Hon. John K. Tener, Republican candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, has been elected by a plurality of about 35,000 over William H. Berry, the candidate of the Keystone party.

The Republicans have a majority in the legislature and their victory has been general in the state with minor exceptions. However, the usual Republican pluralities were greatly reduced. Grim Democrat, was voted for by 100,000 members of his badly split-up party.

Governor-elect Tener was subjected to the most persistent attacks, during the campaign, by the North American, of this city, for alleged connection with a company which the paper claimed was a fraudulent corporation. The arts of the most brilliant writers and speakers were brought to bear upon the matter and Tener was mercilessly excoriated.

The cartoonists depicted him as a monster of hideous mein. In addition the church, through its ministres, was invoked to come to the assistance of the North American and Berry and considerable effect was produced thereby. Berry, a former Prohibitionist, is now supposed to favor local option, hence it was easy to secure assistance from the churchmen who, naturally are for temperance.

In some parts of the state all day prayer meetings were held asking Divine assistance to overwhelm Tener and the Republican ticket and to give Mr. Berry his yearned for place upon the gubernatorial chair of the Commonwealth. As a result of all this, a storng sentiment was created for Berry and this sentiment affected life-long Democrats, who having, by various processes, been turned away from Webster Grim, the regular Democratic candidate, cast their votes and exercised their most strenuous endeavors to bring about the election of Berry.

The up-state counties gave majorities, in most instances, for Berry, but in Philadelphia and Allegheny counties, the most populous counties in the state, Tener was supported strongly and thereby was enabled to win. When it is realized that the North American is published in the city that gave Tener his largest vote the matter becomes significant and it is indicated that the people of Philadelphia do not believe all that they read in partisan papers.

However, as a result of the agitation here, which included appeals to striking street car men and others, Michale Donohoe, Democrat, indorsed by the Keystone party, has been elected to Congress from the Kensington Mills section, supposed to be the very heart of the American textile industry.

Discontent among the mill workers over the use of the police in the interest of the Rapid Transit company in the recent trolley strike caused the Republicans the loss of several members of the legislature. The labor troubles were made to appear as having been due to the Republican party.

But the legislature is safely Republican and will probably re-elect Senator George T. Oliver. The new delegation in Congress will probably contain 11 Democrats and 21 Republicans; with the Schuylkill county district doubtful.

The Socialists have made great gains in their state vote.

CONGRESS IS DEMOCRATIC.

Indications are There Will Be a Democratic Plurality of 44. Democrats Sweep Many States for Governor.

Washington, Nov. 9.—"It is a political revolution which has shattered traditions." It has deluged Republicans un-

Hon. R. W. Hilton, re-elected on the Democratic ticket for member of assembly.

der a tidal wave. Democracy has swept the country. It has upset the precedents of a generation and changed the complexion of the national house of representatives and presaged a great national political fight in 1912. The full effect of this is realized today when sober thought has turned to the consideration of the outcome.

Socialists made amazing gains, electing at least one congressman, the first ever to sit in the national house, Victor Berger of Milwaukee.

The overthrow of the Roosevelt doctrine of new nationalism and the defeat of many men be supoprted has by no means silenced the question, "What will Roosevelt do in 1912?" The summary of the results show Democratic governors elected in New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Connecticut and New Jersey.

Indiana and New York will have Democratic legislatures. A Republican governor was elected in Tennessee, the first to break the "solid south" in thirty years.

For the first time in history a Socialist is elected to congress. Speaker Cannan will retire and will probably be succeeded by Champ Clark of Missouri.

Dix was elected governor of New York by a majority of 65,000, carrying with him the entire state ticket.

Many Republicans were returned to the Ohio state legislature, practically insuring the return of Senator Dick.

A record vote was polled by Socialists in many states.

Dahlman, the "cowboy mayor of Omaha" was elected by a small margin as governor of Nebraska.

Michigan to-day furnishes a hair raising race for congress in two districts with the Democrats leading. Illinois will have thirteen Democratic congressmen instead of six. The Democrats gained one congressman in Oklahoma, one in Kentucky and one in Minnesota.

New York, Nov. 9.—Late figures indicate that the 62nd congress will have 173 Republicans, 217 Democrats and one Socialist, replacing the 217 Republicans and 174 Democrats.

Late returns give Democrats governors in Alabama, Connecticut, Massachussets, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Texas and Wyoming, and Republican governors in California, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee and Wisconsin. Still undecided in Colorado, Idaho and North Dakota.

TREE SPRAYING.

Facts Concerning Lime-Sulfur Spray Material.

The following information concerning lime-sulfur solution was sent by Professor H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa., to a Reading correspondent, who desired detailed instruction on the subject of lime-sulfur spraying:

"You can spray your peach and apple trees of different ages with the same strength lime-sulfur solution, and none of them will be injured, for scale insects and other insect pests, and plant disease germs, and they will be cleaned up by this. You can do your spraying of both peach and apple in the early part of the winter, or in the latter part of the spring, as you wish. It will be all right to spray in December, as you suggest. You may be assured that it is not necessary to modify the strength of the solution for peach trees. I recommend, by all means, that peach and plum trees be sprayed with the boiled lime-sulfur wash, whether they have scale on them or not.

"If I were to choose the best time for the lime-sulfur spraying, I would prefer that it be just as the buds are swelling in the early spring, but often there is not time to do the work thoroughly then, and it is far better to do it shortly after the leaves drop, or during the winter time, and be sure that it is done and completed in the proper manner, rather than to delay it until toward spring, with the risk that something may prevent its being done thoroughly. You must remember that one important point is, that strong winds are liable to be blowing in the spring, and while one can spray with the wind, he cannot possibly spray against it. Thus if the operator can do only half a job, it really means no job at all, unless he is able to catch a wind blowing in the opposite direction, or watch for a period of weather when he can spray thoroughly the entire side of the trees, that he could not reach while the wind was blowing.

"I note with great interest that you had wonderful results from spraying this year with the lime-sulfur solution and it is great encouragement to continue it. This is the universal report from those who used it thoroughly in this state.

"For planting any kind of trees I prefer fall to spring. I have never had experience in planting Catalapa, but personally should prefer to plant them in the fall when I had soil and weather conditions favorable, and have more time to do it properly. I shall be pleased to answer other inquiries along my line if needed."

Resolutions.

The undersigned committee was appointed at a special meeting of the Smethport Fire Department held Nov. 6, 1910, to draft resolutions on the death of our late brother, A. H. Pierce, Sr.

Resolved, that in the death of A. H. Pierce, Sr., the Smethport Fire Department has suffered a great loss. During the years he was a member of our organization he was one of our most loyal and active members, ever ready and willing to lend a helping hand in advancing the interests of the Department. He always performed his duty as a fireman to the best of his ability. His death is mourned by every member of the Department as well as by all who knew him. To his bereaved family we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, that the above resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Smethport Fire Department, a copy be furnished to the bereaved family, and be published in the local papers.

W. B. HOPPER,
J. H. BIEVER,
JAMES McGUIRE.

Wanted.

200 carpenters and 50 bricklayers. Apply to foreman at Works.
AMERICAN PLATE GLASS CO.,
Nov.10-1t James City, Pa.

JOHN K. TENER ELECTED BY ABOUT 35,000.

Belated Returns Settled Question Yesterday.

LEGISLATURE, REPUBLICAN ALSO.

Patton Gets a Big Vote, But Others Fall Away Behind—A Fairly Large Vote Polled and Keystone Party Cuts a Big Figure.

The battle of the ballots in this county last Tuesday proved to be a big victory for the fusion element and a crushing defeat for the G. O. P. Charles E. Patton, Republican candidate for Member of Congress was the only man on that ticket to carry this county and we are pleased to say that he carried it by upwards of 1600 plurality. W. H. Berry, the Keystone candidate for Governor has about 1200 plurality and the rest of the State ticket carried the county by somewhat reduced pluralities.

The legislative fight was a hotly contested one and resulted in a victory for Hon. R. W. Hilton, the present Democratic member, and Edward R. Benson of Mt. Jewett, a formerly unknown young Democrat, but who now seems to be very well known in the county. Samuel E. Bell and Horace H. Redfield, the Republican candidates, made a game fight, and their defeat is no reflection on their personal ability—or popularity—they were simply caught in the tidal wave and went down to defeat. The official vote will not be known until to-morrow, but incomplete returns show the vote to be as follows: Hilton, 3481; Benson, 2942; Bell, 2321; Redfield, 2116.

There was no particular landslide in any part of the county but a steady falling off in nearly every voting precinct did the deed. There seemed to be a strong sentiment to defeat the State organization in this county and that alone is the reason our legislative candidates went down to defeat.

Owing to the fact that no open returns were brought to the court house from a number of districts in the county, we are unable to give a tabulated statement of the county this week, but we hope to give the official vote in our next issue.

THE CATHOLIC FAIR.

It Will Be Held Four Nights Next Week, Commencing Monday.

The Catholic fair will be held at the Lyceum, November 16, 17, 18 and 19. It is two years and a half since the last Catholic fair and everyone is anxious for this great social event. The new church is still in debt so it is necessary at different times to hold these fairs for the purpose of raising money.

Wednesday evening, the 16th, there will be a chicken supper in the basement of the church at 5:30, tickets twenty-five cents. At 8:30 the same evening a vaudeville show will be given by the cream of the local talent. Many interesting sketches are promised for this entertainment and the public is assured of their money's worth. Among the sketches will be:

1. Children's chorus, duet by Curran and Amster.
2. Farce, "How the story Grew."
3. Solo, John Voorhees.
4. Japanese drill, duet by Green and Mitchell.
5. Quartet.
6. Illustrated song, solo, Denber Simkins.
7. Moon song, Redfield and Morrison.
8. Song and dance, Wells and Daly.
9. Farce, "All Stars."

Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, dances will be held at the Lyceum, music Chadwick's orchestra.

Friday evening, clam chowder supper in basement of the church 5:30, tickets 25c.

Saturday evening the fair will come to a close. At the conclusion of the dance the winning contestant for the gold watch will be announced.

Great care has been exercised in the selection of committees for this fair and the public is assured of their money's worth from the opening of the fair on Wednesday evening to the close Saturday.

Wanted—a married man to work on farm by the month; no boozer needed on this job. Good wages paid to right party. For further particulars call or write to

JAMES QUIRK,
Nov.10-1t Smethport, Pa.

AN OLD SOLDIER GONE.

Comrade A. H. Pierce Died Last Saturday Night.

Alfred H. Pierce died at his home on East street, this borough, on Saturday evening, November 5, 1910, aged 66 years, four months and 22 days. Although he has been in failing health for some time past and late in the summer he attended a G. A. R. reunion where he caught a cold which finally developed into pneumonia and caused his death.

The deceased was born in Troy, N. Y., June 14, 1844, a son of A. H. and Esther (Oalman) Pierce. He left his home at the age of ten years and worked on a farm for $25 a year, clothing himself until 1861, when he enlisted in Company D, Sixth Ohio Cavalry, and served faithfully until 1865 when he received an honorable discharge. In 1869 he was united in marriage to Miss Rose A. Glace of Lymansville, Potter county, Pa., and to this union were born four children, two of whom with their mother survive to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate husband and father. The surviving children are A. H. Pierce, Jr., and Mrs. Hattie Rutledge, both of this borough. In 1867 he moved to Coudersport where he conducted a restaurant for several years. In 1879 he came to Smethport and conducted a restaurant and billiard parlor for a couple of years when he built the Pierce House on Water street, which he managed for a number of years.

He was a charter member of McKean post, G. A. R., and was commander of the Post at one time. He was one of the promoters and a charter member of the Smethport Fire Department and was always interested in the welfare of this organization as well as being a gallant firefighter in his younger days.

He was a life-long Republican. His genial disposition made him many firm friends and "Comrade" as he was familiarly called, will be greatly missed by many everyone in Smethport.

He was a communicant of St. Luke's church from which the funeral was held at 2:30 Monday afternoon, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke officiating and his remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

Came to Successful Close Friday Noon.

Wednesday Afternoon.

Mrs. Olcott occupied the first period with a talk on "Cold Iron," the subject of one of Kipling's stories. The teachers listened to the recital of this story so full of "shadowy pictures of the changing man spirit." It is one of those stories which pictures "the growth through the centuries of the race soul." Dr. Cogswell gave a period to instruction in music, and sang a couple of solos. The directors in attendance at the Directors' Association came into the institute at three o'clock and listened to a strong address by Dr. Ellis on "The School and the State." Dr. Ellis mentioned a few of the things which the state is doing for the school and spoke of the service which the school owes to the state in the training for citizenship. To vote, to hold office, to pay taxes, these are not the fundamental duties of American citizens. There is one obligation which the poorest citizen of this government can pay to his country as well as the richest, and that obligation is obedience to law. What this country needs more than anything else is the spirit of Jackson in relation to the Nullification Act, and the spirit of Roosevelt in relation to the laws of New York City, the spirit of obedience. You can't teach school without good order, and you can't create the conditions for good order without doing more than that, without giving the most valuable training in the first requisite of good citizenship. After the adjournment on Wednesday afternoon the High School principals of the county met in the Superintendent's office and completed the organization of a Principal's Round Table. The first meeting of the principals will be held at Smethport on the first Saturday of December. Prin. Berkenstock of Port Allegany is president of the Round Table. At a meeting of the McKean County High School Literary League Prof. Stanley Bright of Smethport was elected Secretary and Treasurer of the League.

On Wednesday evening in the Lyceum, Miss Willis was greeted by a crowded house. She recited in her inimitable manner that interesting play "The Third Degree," by the author of "The Lion and the Mouse." The work of Miss Willis is simply fine. An audience never seems to tire of her simple, charming style.

After the entertainment the alumni and former students of the Clarion State Normal school held a reunion in the Methodist church parlors where light refreshments were served. Prof. Steele of the Normal faculty was present and brought kindly greetings from the school to the teachers in McKean county. A delightful social hour was spent recalling old associations and meeting new friends. Prof. Lillibridge presided over the meeting and addresses were made by Prof. Steele, Prof. Lillibridge, Supt. Bayle and others. The officers elected for the en-

(Continued on Page 8.)

Armstrong-Tamlin.

Charles Lloyd Armstrong, son of M. L. Armstrong of this borough, was united in marriage to Miss Louis C. Tamlin, at the home of the bride's parents, at 514 Goodyear street, Buffalo, N. Y., on Wednesday, Nov. 2, 1910. The ceremony was witnessed by only the immediate families and a few friends.

The groom is the only son of M. L. Armstrong of this borough and his many friends here wish the happy and popular young couple a long life of wedded bliss.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

President Issues Proclamation Designating Thursday, Nov. 24.

Washington, Nov. 7. Thanksgiving day will be celebrated on Thursday, November 24th. President Taft's formal Thanksgiving proclamation, the second he has made as chief executive, was made public at the White House last night. It reads as follows:

By the President of the United States of America:

"A proclamation:—This year of 1910 is drawing to a close. The records of population and harvests which are the index to progress show vigorous national growth of the health and prosperous well being of our communities throughout this land and in our possessions beyond the seas. These blessings have not descended upon us in restricted measure, but overflow and abound. They are the blessings and bounty of God.

"We continue to be at peace with the rest of the world. In all essential matters our relations with other peoples are harmonious with an ever growing reality of friendliness and depth of recognition of mutual dependence. It is especially to be noted that during the past year great progress has been achieved in the case of arbitration and the peaceful settlement of international disputes.

"Now, therefore, I, William Howard Taft, president of the United States of America, in accordance with the wise custom of the civil magistrate since the first settlement in this land and with the rule established from the foundation of this government, do appoint Thursday, November 24, 1910, as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, enjoining the people upon that day to meet in their churches for the praise of Almighty God and to return heartfelt thanks to him for all his goodness and loving kindness.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the City of Washington, this fifth day of November, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and ten, and of the independence of the United States, the one hundred and thirty-fifth.

"William H. Taft.

"By the President, Alvah Adee, Acting Secretary of State."

THANKSGIVING CARDS FREE.

Not Cheap Trash, But 10 Beautiful Ones.

I want to send free to every reader of The McKean County Miner 10 beautiful, imported, embossed, colored Thanksgiving post cards, all different, without any advertising on them whatever.

I do this because I want people to know the high grade cards I carry at manufacturers prices. If you prefer beautiful Christmas or New Years cards say so when you write. All I ask is that you send me 2 cents in stamps to cover postage. Address, C. T. Johntone, Pres., Dept. 86, Rochester, N. Y. Nov. 3-2t

For Sale,

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Lunch Room Repartee.

The young man with the iron cheek entered the quick lunch room and seated himself at the third table.

"Bellhop," he called familiarly, "you look fresh this morning."

"Not half as fresh as some others," retorted the pretty waitress, with an elevation of her nose.

"Well, well! Have you calf brains?"

"If I did you wouldn't order them, for you have an oversupply now."

"My, but you are getting good for the matinee! With the high price of meals eggs come in handy these days, don't they?"

"No; they come in crates."

"Wow! Did you ever hear the story of the incubator chick? It's not out yet."

"That will do, sonny. Did you ever hear the story of the cold porridge? Well, it's on you!"

There was an unexpected jolting of a dish, and the young man with the iron cheek was showered with oatmeal.—Boston Post.

Consolation.

A little girl of thirteen or so found herself one day possessed of a new emotion—a desire to be pretty. She struggled with it, but finally went to the long mirror in the hall and for the first time in her life looked at herself critically from head to foot. She saw what most girls see at thirteen—a lanky creature, mostly legs and arms, hands and feet. It hurt her, and she went out of doors to think it over. Thought resulted in tears, and in tears she was found half an hour later by her particular chum, a boy near her own age. Anxious inquiry as to why she was crying induced her to speak.

"Oh, Harold," she wailed, "I've just looked at myself in the glass, and I'm so homely!"

The boy was puzzled, but sympathetic, and made an effort at consolation. He looked at her a minute, then awkwardly patted her, saying soothingly:

"Not homely. Alice; just funny looking."—New York Times.

Doesn't Know Her Age.

There is a glaring phase of unfairness in the position of the two sexes, despite all our struggles for the suffrage. A woman still dreads to tell her age, no matter how youthful she may look, while as long as a man looks youthful he is generally willing to admit and even to boast of how many milestones he has passed. There is at least one father who understood this problem in time and who gave his daughter a fair chance in life by never letting her know how old she was. He realized at her birth that a time would come when she would not want to tell her age, and he spared her the humiliation of having to prevaricate, so she was never told either her age or the place where she was born, and there were no birth records preserved in the family.—New York World.

Tearing a Proverb to Tatters.

One of our correspondents, to whom so far as we can remember we never did any injury, sends us the following:

Carlyle said that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. We venture to think this definition appropriate to a clerk.

But is a doctor genius an infinite capacity for taking pains.

In a commercial traveler, for taking trains.

In a lawyer, for taking briefs.

In a sanitary engineer, for making drains.

And is a Don Juan, forsaking Janes.

Oscar Wilde's embellishment of the proverb was at once briefer and more obvious. "Genius," he said, "is an infinite capacity for taking pains."—London News.

Shopping Troubles.

"Tomorrow is my wife's birthday, and I want to buy a present that will tickle her."

"We have a nice line of feather boas."

"No, no. I mean something that would make a hit with her."

"Anything in hammers?"

"You misunderstand. I want something striking that"—

"Ah, your wife's a clock."

"That's all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Permanent.

"Mr. Smith," spoke up the young lawyer, "I come here as a representative of your neighbor, Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him."

"I congratulate you," answered Mr. Smith, "on obtaining so permanent a job at such an early stage in your career."—Success Magazine.

Hardly.

A Sunday school teacher, after reading the story of Ananias and Sapphira to the juvenile class, asked, "Now, children, why doesn't the Lord strike everybody dead who tells a lie?"

"'Cause," answered a bright little fellow, "there wouldn't be anybody left hardly."—Chicago News.

Must Be Rich.

"He must have money."

"What makes you think so?"

"He never takes the thirty days' grace allowed on his life insurance premiums."—Detroit Free Press.

A Fair Inference.

Joe—For years I used to get up at 6, breakfast at 8, dinner at 1, tea at 6 and bed at 10. And I never felt better in my life. Bill Joe, what were you in for?—London Telegraph.

The slander of some people is as great a recommendation as the praise of others.—Fielding.

Red Tape and Matrimony.

Some of the reasons why a Frenchman may not marry are given by a correspondent of a Paris newspaper. He has been trying to get married for three years and has not yet succeeded. French marriage law is a tricky thing to deal with. If the prospective bridegroom has not lived more than six months at his address at the time of the marriage he must get a certificate signed by the landlord and concierge of every house where he has lived previously till he gets back to one where he did live for six months. Birth certificates are required and the written consent of parents.

As no paper must bear a date more than two months old, it often happens that the marriage must be postponed to get the papers renewed. The man who had been foiled for three years once succeeded in making all his papers correct, when he was called up for his periodical term of military service, and this threw his papers out of date.

Another time he arrived before the mayor with his bride, but the ceremony was not performed, as a certificate of his first wife's death was not forthcoming.

Fascination of the Third Rail.

"You can talk all you want about the way some people want to jump off tall buildings, but the men who walk the elevated tracks can sympathize with them," said a man the other day whose business it is to work along the elevated railroad lines and see that everything is in good condition.

"Trackwalkers often have the same impulse to step on the third rail that climbers have to jump. You walk along and see that shining rod of steel and watch the sunlight glisten on it, and then the thought comes to you, 'If I step on that it will kill me,' and then you wonder how it would feel to just put your toe on it. Of course a fellow shakes those ideas off his mind, but they keep coming back, and I have known more than one man who has quit his job because he was afraid that he couldn't fight off much longer the impulse to stand on the track and put the other foot on the third rail, and when I hear of a trackwalker being killed by the third rail I wonder if the fascination of the third rail got the better of him."—New York Sun.

The Title "Esquire."

The title "esquire" is derived from the French word ecuyer (a shield bearer) and originated in the old days of chivalry, when, as is well known, each knight appointed one or more persons of gentle birth to carry his shield and perform other honorable services. These persons were known as squires, or, more accurately, esquires, and were of such birth as would permit of their being in their turn created knights when they should have merited the distinction by deeds of valor or otherwise. In the reign of Richard II. the status of an esquire was granted for the first time by letters patent as a title of honor merely, no duties being attached. This method of creation is now obsolete, but it marks an advanced stage in the decay of chivalry, which decay resulted in the titles "knight" and "esquire" becoming wholly honorary.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Lazy Man.

A worthy old citizen of Newport who had the reputation of being the laziest man alive among "them hillocks," so lazy, indeed, that he used to weed his garden in a rocking chair by rocking forward to take hold of the weed and backward to uproot it, had a way of fishing peculiarly his own. He used to drive his old white faced mare to the spot where the tautog (blackfish) might be depended on for any weight, from two to twelve pounds, backed his rig down to the water side, put out his line and when the tautog was safely hooked started the old mare and pulled him out.

A Slight Difference.

Undue rapidity of speech or indistinct utterance often leads to curious misunderstandings. An instance of this is given by Walter Seymour in his "Ups and Downs of a Wandering Life." "A clergyman," he says, "was sent for by a sick old parishioner who was not a churchgoer and who was deaf. The clergyman said: 'What induced you to send for me?' 'What does he say?' said the man to his wife. 'He says why the deuce did you send for him?'"

A Patron.

"Mr. Carriman is very busy now," said the private secretary of the railroad president. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh," replied the pompous visitor, "just a friendly call. I thought he'd like to know that I ride on his suburban branch now. I'm Colonel Nutch."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Similarity.

"What a noisy thing that bass drum is!" remarked the clarinet disgustedly.

"Yes," replied the trombone; "just like a human being, isn't it?"

"Like a human being?"

"Yes; it's the one with the big head that makes the most noise."—London Telegraph.

Shaking Hands.

Few people know how to shake hands well. The general run of folk either give a limp paw and allow it to be shaken or else grasp yours in theirs and nearly dislocate it with their violence.—London World.

The wise are polite all the world over; fools are polite only at home.—Bacon.

Murder Revealed by a Dream.

Perhaps the most amazing crime mystery ever solved by a dream was that revealed by a murder trial a couple of generations ago. The dead body of Mr. Norway, an inoffensive Cornish gentleman, had been found by the roadside between Wadebridge and Bodmin, brutally murdered. No trace of the murderer could be found, and the mystery of the crime seemed beyond all solution, when Mr. Norway's brother, a naval officer, arrived in England and told the following singular story:

On the very night of his brother's murder, when he was on his ship in the West Indies, he saw him in a dream walking along the Bodmin road, when from a dark recess in the hedge two ruffians sprang out, slew and robbed him and then made their way to a house in Wadebridge, which he saw vividly in his dream. To this house he conducted the police officers, and there he found the very two men whom in his vision he had seen commit the murder. They confessed and suffered the extreme penalty of the law.—Pearson's Weekly.

Horse Dentists.

In every large city there are now dentists who devote their entire attention to horses, and they are kept surprisingly busy the year round. The equine dentist is of course provided with special instruments for the extraction and filling of the teeth of animals needing attention. It is rather interesting to observe an operation in horse dentistry. One of the instruments, called a speculum, presents the appearance of an ivory handle and four small bars of nickel working on a ratchet and crossing one another in such a manner as to form a hollow square that can be made large or small by the turning of a screw. Setting this device to the proper size, the horse dentist will slip it gently into the suffering animal's mouth, which, during the operation, is kept partly open by a groom, and when the instrument is fitted upon, say, one of the back teeth the beast's mouth is kept open as wide as possible.—Harper's Weekly.

The Parson Bird.

Among the feathered inhabitants of New Zealand there is a bird called the parson bird, or tui. It is about the size and shape of a blackbird, but has a pair of delicate white tufts at its throat and is a glossy dark green otherwise, which looks black in the sunshine. It can be taught to crow, to speak, to whistle tunes, and, besides these tricks, it has a repertory which is not often equaled by any other feathered songster. At vespers it has a note like the toll of a bell or the clear, high note of an organ. It can mimic every bird in the bush to perfection. It will break off in the middle of an exquisite melody and indulge in a strange medley of sounds which are impossible to describe, but if you can imagine "the combination of a cough, a laugh, a sneeze, with the smashing of a pane of glass," it will be some approach to the idea.

Where He Made His Money.

Years ago a gentleman settled in the south of England and became very popular in the neighborhood. The county families could never discover how he had made his money, but were satisfied by his solemn assurance that it was not in trade. Nothing could exceed the ordinary gravity of his demeanor, which indeed caused him to be placed on the commission of peace, but now and then, without any apparent provocation, he would burst into such a laugh as no one ever heard before except in one place. Where they could have heard it puzzled the county families for five and twenty years, but it last he was betrayed unconsciously by his own grandchild, who, after a visit to a traveling circus, innocently exclaimed, "Why, grandpa laughs just like the clown!"—James Payn.

Her Conclusion.

"I've got my opinion of a woman that can't cook," growled William De Kikkur, glaring at his better half. "I suppose that if our cook would get married I'd starve to death!"

"You needn't worry about that, William," said Mrs. De K. gently. "Our cook has been married once, and I don't consider it at all likely that she would care to"—

But her irate spouse had slammed the door behind him.—Cleveland Leader.

Well Answered.

"Why do you weep over the sorrows of people in whom you have no interest when you go to the theater?" asked the man.

"I don't know," replied the woman. "Why do you cheer wildly when a man with whom you are not acquainted slides to second base?"—Washington Star.

Starting a Family Jar.

"No man ever obtained anything worth having without working hard for it," said Mrs. Bickers to her husband, who was in a discouraged mood.

"Quite true," replied Mr. Bickers reflectively. "I remember that I obtained you without the slightest difficulty."—Liverpool Mercury.

A Philosopher.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a philosopher? Pa—A philosopher, my son, is a man who can pretend to have a light heart when he has a light pocketbook.—Exchange.

The Supply.

Knicker—All the fools aren't dead yet. Bocker—Another trouble is that they aren't all born yet.—New York Press.

Coverly's Substitute

Appearances Were Against Him.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

"I'm sorry, Elizabeth," said Ralph Coverly, "that I must go to Chicago on business for the firm of Fabens & Coverly."

"Never mind, Ralph. My one week has been lovely, and I shall enjoy spending a quiet time with your mother."

"Mother will be delighted to have you with her constantly. An invalid's days are dull enough. But there is an elderly aunt coming tomorrow, and I'm afraid you'll not find it very amusing with just Aunt Agatha and mother. I've thought of a plan so that you might enjoy the program we planned and not miss any of the concerts or art galleries or even the opera."

"What is that, dear? Really, half of the anticipated pleasure was the knowledge that we were to be together."

Ralph hesitated, and then, as if dismissing some unworthy doubt from his mind, he said quickly:

"Why, I've spoken to Fabens. He's a mighty clever chap and is better versed in all the things you're interested in than I am. I'm such a practical fellow, Elizabeth. Well, I told Fabens all the things I'd planned we were to do the coming week and asked him to see that you didn't miss any of the pleasures."

"It's very thoughtful of you, Ralph."

The next morning when Elizabeth wandered downstairs to a late breakfast she found the expected Aunt Agatha established at the head of the table. She was a stern visaged lady, whose hair remained a shining black in defiance of threescore years. She wore gold spectacles with thick lenses, which magnified her dark eyes with startling results. An ear trumpet dangled from a ribbon over her shoulder, much like a powderhorn at the back of a hunter.

"Good morning, Miss Neal—or shall I say Elizabeth? My niece has written of you, and I've seen your picture. If you'll excuse my saying so, you're not at all the sort of girl I thought Ralph would marry! He always preferred brunettes, like myself. Well, men are fickle as the weather! It's too bad Mary is confined to her room. You will be very lonely." Miss Dale paused to take breath.

"Mrs. Coverly will enjoy having some one with her. She is so much alone except for the nurse," said Elizabeth.

"I can't hear a word you say," asserted Miss Dale calmly. "It doesn't matter. I can always guess what people are talking about at table. You probably remarked that you wouldn't be lonely at all during Ralph's absence. I know Dick Fabens, my dear, and a more fascinating man I never met. Ralph is very foolish to leave you in Dick's care. But, there, every one has his consolations, and that little dark beauty Ralph was so crazy about last year lives in Chicago. There, there! Don't get emotional!"

Elizabeth, angry and amused, watched her and when she was alone flushed her breakfast and retired to her own room. Later her brief morning visit to sweet Mrs. Coverly brought forth the fact that Aunt Agatha had arrived from her suburban home at an early hour that morning. She had surveyed the house from attic to cellar and had interviewed the nurse and the servants with praiseworthy results.

Mrs. Coverly smiled indulgently and touched Elizabeth's serious face with a delicate forefinger. "Aunt Agatha is an angel at heart, Elizabeth, but her deafness has accentuated certain oddities in her manner, and she has adopted a freedom of speech that is sometimes alarming. Don't forget, I shall expect you to come in for our game of chess every evening if you don't mind devoting so much time to an old woman."

Elizabeth's answer was to kiss the hand that caressed her, and the next half hour was one of delightful intimacy with the mother of her prospective husband.

Aunt Agatha at luncheon was a repetition of Aunt Agatha at breakfast, and her deeply voiced monologue left the girl with a strange sense of desolation. For the first time since her engagement to Ralph there crept into her heart a vague disquiet as to his perfect loyalty. Who was this dark beauty of whom Aunt Agatha Dale babbled?

Two o'clock brought Dick Fabens with tickets for a matinee, and, as Aunt Agatha was too rheumatic to go far afield, Elizabeth went alone with Ralph's partner. During their brief ride in the carriage Elizabeth learned that Mr. Fabens was feeling much better and that the simple program Ralph had laid out appealed to his convalescent body and mind as nothing else could.

Dick Fabens was fascinating. Older than Ralph, he was attractive by reason of his contrasting gray hair and youthful face. He was strangely sympathetic to Elizabeth, and she found herself looking to him for confirmation of all her delight in each pleasure that came to her in the days that followed. He did not flirt with her; he did not make love to her. He was simply natural and unaffected, and by very reason of her enforced solitude at the Coverly home Elizabeth turned to him for companionship and pleasure during those seven days.

Aunt Agatha suddenly disapproved of Dick Fabens' attention and expressed her opinion each morning. Elizabeth came to take a wicked delight in listening to those lectures, and frequent mention of the dark beauty in Chicago and Ralph's weakness in that direction hardened her heart against the absent lover. His daily letters were characteristically short, and her jealous eyes read between the lines that he was enjoying his stay in the Windy City. Then on Thursday the letters ceased coming, and Elizabeth stopped writing.

On Saturday morning she took counsel in her own room and decided that Ralph Coverly was tired of her. If he had not been, if he had really cared for her, would he not have hesitated at leaving a substitute for his own escort? Was it not to justify his own attentions to this other girl—whose name Aunt Agatha had once admitted to be Elsie—that he had provided a substitute? Fabens spoke little of his partner beyond saying that the coveted contract had been secured by Ralph.

Saturday morning Elizabeth went back to the boarding school where she was a teacher of music, but before she went she inclosed her engagement ring in a tiny box, registered it and sent it to Ralph's office, with a brief note explaining her action. "It has all been a mistake," she said.

Aunt Agatha's farewell of her was prolonged and affectionate at the late breakfast, several hours after the ring and letter had been sent.

"Goodby, my dear Elizabeth. I've learned to love you dearly, and I've watched you closely during the past week while Dick Fabens has been taking you out, and you are a most unusual girl. Ralph has won a treasure indeed. We would have been so unhappy if he had cared for that Elsie girl who set her cap for him last year. It's a good thing she eloped with her chauffeur and went to Paris, for"— And so on until Elizabeth's brain reeled with the horror of what she had done.

Her farewell to Mrs. Coverly was tearful and brief, but she did not dare divulge the fact of her broken engagement to the woman who had taken the motherless girl to her warm heart.

At Fernelliff the weeks passed drearily without word from Ralph. There was a picture postcard from Aunt Agatha, who had returned to her home, saying she trusted the missive found Elizabeth in good health. Then Elizabeth mailed a card to Miss Dale and hoped that lady was quite well, and so ended her connection with the Coverly family.

There came a day several months afterward when she received cards for Dick Fabens' wedding to some girl from New Orleans. She laid it away with a little sigh. It was merely an echo of the happy life she had dropped out of. She blamed herself bitterly for listening to Aunt Agatha's inane chatter and knew that she had wronged Ralph. And yet there was the fact that he had ceased writing to her. That might be easily explained. Letters often miscarried. There was no excuse for her doubt of her lover's constancy. She ought to have trusted him against everybody in the world, even as he would have done had the case been reversed.

That same day was a half holiday, and Elizabeth, weary with the strain of teaching and very unhappy, stole away to spend the afternoon alone in the beautiful chestnut woods that stretched behind the school buildings. The trees were in their summer glory of gold and brown, and through the sunny foliage there were glimpses of the clear blue sky. Where the trees fringed the banks of the tumbling river Elizabeth found a seat on a mossy rock.

The rushing of the river drowned all other sounds, and it was not until a step beside her that Elizabeth knew Ralph Coverly had come at last. From very joy in his presence she was powerless to move.

He looked down at her, pale and worn and quite unlike his usual buoyant self.

"Elizabeth," he said desperately, "I've just had Fabens' invitation. Is it isn't he, who is it?"

"Who is who?" asked Elizabeth weakly, her voice breaking as he caught her hand.

"The one who came between us," said Ralph hoarsely. "Aunt Agatha hinted—she wrote—it was Fabens, and you were both so happy, so I stopped writing and came home to find the ring and your letter. I was a beast to Fabens—thought he had cut me out with you—and then he stiffened up, and we're hardly been on speaking terms outside of business. Then this morning I found his wedding invitation in my mail, and so I came down to find out who the other man is—I would have staked my life on your faith, Elizabeth!"

"You may now. Wait, Ralph, till I tell you all," sobbed Elizabeth. But Ralph did not wait. His arms were about her and her sunny head on his shoulder while she poured out the misunderstanding and misery of those seven days.

"It's turned out for the best, dear," he comforted her. "This contract was a big thing, and I am not going to wait another week for you. June is too far away. Give up your position and come. Mother needs you, and I do not dare run the chance of having to provide another substitute."

"Or another visit from Aunt Agatha," said Elizabeth devoutly.

State.

Governor—Edwin E. Sturat.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheets.
Auditor General—Robert E. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Benton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Stockmanagning.
State Senator—Frank B. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Sheriff—Wm. M. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Straley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chesbro, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adair, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders, Clermont; A. E. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—K. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. H. Bliver, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Aberburn, J. C. Buchan, H. H. Kane.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. M. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. E. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubis.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 280, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. O. HOLDEN, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I.O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE HAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 36, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
—ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
EARL HAFNER, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 6 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. B. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
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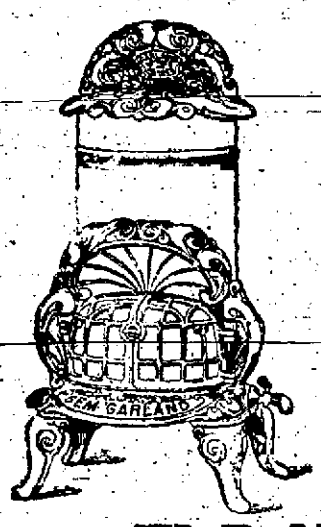

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We have just received a full line of up-to-date Heating Stoves.

Prices Right

—AT—

W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 10, 1910.

Local and General.

—Family jars.

—Jamestown, N. Y., is threatened with an epidemic of typhoid fever. It is said to be traceable to the milk.

—According to the National Glass Budget there will soon be a big cut in prices on window glass that may force all hand factories to shut down.

—There will be an open meeting of the Travellers' Club at St. Luke's parish house, Saturday, Nov. 12 at 3 p. m., when an interesting discussion for and against Woman's Suffrage will be the chief feature of the day. All are invited to attend and the discussion is open to all.

—At Des Moines, Ia., on Monday Mrs. Emma Cupps was granted a divorce from her husband, Harry Cupps, in District Court. Both are deaf and dumb and the chief witness was deaf and dumb. Mrs. Cupps told her story of cruelty on her fingers to a interpreter, who told the judge what she said. Among other things she said her husband called her names with his fingers.

—Because he was taunt a by his companions Daniel Landsberger, a bright eight-year-old boy living in Lancaster, lost his life. He was told he was afraid to take hold of a broken live wire dangling in the street. He said that he was not, took hold of the wire and three thousand volts of electricity passed through his body, killing him instantly. The wire had fallen under the weight of snow and linemen had not reached it to repair it.

—Mark A. Pitchner, aged about 58 years, residing at East Kane, and an employee of the American Window Glass company, dropped dead this morning at one o'clock while in the discharge of his duties, of heart disease. He was engaged at the plant as a "filler in" on the tank, and when he was stricken he was in conversation with a fellow workman, who was much surprised, when the man dropped to the floor, not uttering a word, and expired at once says Monday's Kane Republican.

—Maud, the 17-year-old daughter of Joseph Blaisdell, a New York millionaire, has been missing since May 21 last, and after searching all this time her father has offered a reward of $1,000 for information of her whereabouts. On the day following her departure John T. Havens, a chauffeur for the Blaisdells, disappeared with most of his savings, amounting to about $6000, and his handsome wife has neither seen nor heard of him since. Joseph Blaisdell is a brother of the Blaisdell Bros., who formerly lived in Bradford and operated exclusively in lumber in this county.

—The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will have a cooked food sale at J. Colegrove's store on Saturday, Nov. 12th. The sale will begin at 2:30.

—According to meat experts prices of bacon, ham and all hog products will take a big slump in the next few days, says a special from Chicago. A big fall in prices is inevitable. The big packing houses are getting ready for it. Armour and other big packing houses stated that breakfast bacon was selling at from twenty to thirty cents a pound, but so many bacon hogs are coming into market that a fall in prices is certain. A slight reduction in prices has been made and larger ones will come within a short time and when new hams and bacon sides are cured.

—Edward Kean, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Kean of Bradford, met with a most distressing accident while hunting in the woods Saturday afternoon. While in the vicinity of the pump station of the United States Pipe Line company on Kendall creek, the two barrels of a shotgun which he carried were discharged accidentally and the charge entered his left arm. The flesh was torn from the bones below the elbow and three fingers were also blown from his hand. On account of the serious nature of the accident, Dr. W. C. Hogan, who was called to the Bradford hospital to attend the unfortunate boy, found it necessary to amputate the arm just below the elbow. Young Kean, after receiving the injury walked to the pump station of the U. S. Pipe Line company, a distance of about 40 rods.

Gibraltar.

Gibraltar is the smallest British possession and measures less than two square miles. Canada is the largest, with 3,746,000 square miles.

The Spectroscope.

The spectroscope is an optical instrument used for forming and analyzing the spectra produced by the luminous vapors of bodies. It consists of a collimating lens, a prism and an observing telescope. The spectroscope in its present form was invented by the German chemists Kirchoff and Bunsen about 1859.

An Old Law.

In the early days of Virginia a law was made punishing with death the man who killed a hog, goat or sheep. This was done to provide for the increase of these animals.

Turtles.

There are forty varieties of edible turtles in the United States.

Daffodils.

Daffodils are so called from the old English "affodyle"—that which cometh early—because of their early blooming.

Heroic Surgery.

When the Medical and Chirurgical society of London was founded in 1805 the barber-surgeon was still more or less tolerated. At one of its early meetings one Dr. Wardrop advocated the "excellent custom" of bleeding patients till they fainted, so that they might be the subject of surgical operation while in an insensible condition.

Pineapples.

The first pineapple produced in England is said to have been grown by Charles II.'s own gardener and to have been cut with great glee by the merry monarch himself.

SIRES AND SONS.

Pope Pius X. is seventy-five years of age.

Dr. Peter Fischer, chief physician on the steamship Kronprinzessin Cecilie, has crossed the Atlantic ocean 400 times.

Senator Thomas H. Carter was Montana's first representative in congress after a state was admitted. He had been a delegate before that.

General Daniel E. Sickles was elected president of the Military Medal of Honor Legion at the annual convention held in Pittsburg. The term is for life.

Bradley Martin, Jr., has closed his negotiations for the purchase of the property of Herman B. Duryea at Westbury, N. Y., and is now the owner of this superb estate in the heart of the Meadowbrook country.

The Rev. Thomas Bowman, the oldest living bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church and chaplain of the United States senate when President Lincoln was assassinated, recently celebrated his ninety-third birthday.

Lord Rayleigh is noted among British peers for having introduced a co-operative and profit sharing plan among the laborers on his farms at Terling. Last year he divided more than $3,000 as dividends among his men.

The Writers.

The poet laureate is bringing out a new poem, which is described as "important." It bears the imposing title of "Achilles in Scyros."

Oswald Garrison Villard, president of the New York Evening Post company and a frequent contributor to the editorial columns of the paper, is a grandson of William Lloyd Garrison.

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, the author, is a granddaughter of Jacob Abbott, who wrote "The Rollo" books; a daughter of the late Rev. Edward Abbott, former editor of the Boston Literary World, and a niece of Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Onata Watanna, the Japanese authoress, who in private life is Mrs. Bertrand Babcock, scorns to attend a social affair unless it is given at night. The daylight she uses for golf, and she spends most of her time on the links when she is not writing.

Portugal.

The total population of Portugal at the last census, 1900, was 5,423,000.

Lisbon, where the revolution first broke out, has a population of only about 400,000.

Agriculture in Portugal is a failure. Little more than half of the area of the country being put to practical use.

Soldiers in Portugal are paid about 30 reis (3 cents) and allowed twelve ounces of bread, together with some Spanish cigarettes, as a daily wage.

Principal articles of diet in Portugal's northern districts consist of dried codfish pickled in Norway, goat's flesh, which is black and hard, black bread made from Indian corn and salt and acid wine in lieu of water.

Train and Track.

Light motorcars, driven by storage batteries, are gradually replacing handcars for section crews on some railroads.

The number of refrigerator cars at present on the European railway system is only 1,085 against over 140,000 in the United States. Efforts are being made to better conditions.

An American-Turkish railroad to start at the shores of the Mediterranean and to penetrate Asia Minor and Armenia has been given the favor of the Ottoman government and is likely to be [illegible] long and will cost $100,000,000.

Recent Inventions.

An English inventor has patented a corkscrew with a lever on one side to enable the tightest cork to be drawn with little effort.

A typewriter stand containing a turntable to swing the machine to opposite sides for the use of two persons has been invented.

A novel lawn sprinkler patented by an Illinois man carries the spray nozzle on the end of a spirally corrugated piece of rubber hose, the action of the water against which causes it to gyrate in tortuous circles, throwing the water in all directions.

Tales of Cities.

Marseilles is one of the few large cities of the world which show a persistent increase in infant mortality.

London is twelve miles across one way and seventeen the other. Every year about twenty miles of new streets are added to it.

Though the accidents in the streets of New York are increasing in number, the proportion of fatalities is growing less. Out of the last 17,000 accidents 1,200 were classified as serious.

British Briefs.

For the first time in its history London now has a tectotal lord mayor.

The pawnbrokers of Great Britain issue over 100,000,000 pledges a year.

Marriage with a deceased wife's sister has been valid in Tasmania since 1874, in England only since the act of 1907.

Besides the embankment Cleopatra's Needle, there are four other Egyptian obelisks in England, one each at Alnwick and Soughton Hall and two in the British museum.

Magnets.

Recent experiments by scientists seem to show that the power of a magnet increases as its temperature decreases.

Guncotton.

Guncotton is made by the action of nitric acid on cotton.

Physical Geography.

Alexander Humboldt may be considered the founder of the science of physical geography. His great work, the "Cosmos," written after he was seventy-six years old, was the first scientific description of the world.

From Pillar to Post.

This familiar expression is said to be derived from a custom practiced in the riding school of olden times. The pillar was placed in the center of the ground, and the posts were arranged two and two around the circumference of the ring at equal distances. Hence "from pillar to post" signified going from one thing to another without any definite purpose.

The Squirrel.

A squirrel's natural term of life is from fifteen to twenty years, and in localities where squirrels are little disturbed they multiply with extreme rapidity.

Crinoline.

In the World of Fashion of 1830 is a reference to "the new stuff called crinoline." Crinoline was partly thread, partly horsehair, its name being compounded of the French "crin," horsehair, and "lin," flax. Hats, skirts and all sorts of things that were wanted to possess a certain stiffness were made of this material.

Electrotyping.

Electrotyping was first successfully practiced in 1838 and was considered a triumph of chemical and mechanical skill, requiring the utmost nicety for its execution.

Worthy of the Gift.

An old European custom was to give a clock to any one who could take an oath that he had strictly minded his own business and not meddled with his neighbors' affairs for a year and a day.

An Indian Almanac.

The Indians in Canada when they go to hunt for the long winter take a flat wooden almanac, with a hole for each day. Sundays are marked and holidays so as to be distinguished, and fast days have a rude fish. The owner moving his peg each day, keeps up with the times.

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Thousands of yards of the newest—brought forward every day. Remember that Christmas is coming soon and nothing's nicer for a present than a Dress Goods Pattern. See how much you save!

New Bright Plaids, for children's dresses, **25c** yard.

All-wool Storm Serge, new colors and black, **50c** yard.

52-inch All-wool Broadcloth, new Fall and Winter shades, **75c** yard.

56-inch Heavy All-wool Cloakings, plain and mixed patterns, **$1.00** yard.

85c Black Mohair, from Bradford, England, **59c** yard.

52-inch Black German Broadcloth; regular $1.50 yard, **95c**

Imitation Furs, Caracul, Persian Lamb, Broadtail, Persian Paw, Seal Plush and Astrachan, **$3.00** yard upwards.

Daily Silk Sales

This is a season of soft, "drapey" materials, and we are well supplied, having predicted the situation in time to get plenty.

40-inch Crepe de l'Opera, beautiful shades for evening and informal gowns, **$1.50.**

19-inch Liberty Messaline, pink, light blue, nile, lavender, yellow, rose, Copenhagen, peach, apricot, reseda, brown, navy, wistaria, amethyst, turquoise, wine, hunter, ivory, cream, black and white, **59c** yard.

Fashionable Marquisettes and Persian Silks, **59c** to **$1.50** yard.

Advance Holiday Sale now on of the Famous Haskell Black Silks, all weaves and widths from 19 inches to yard-wide, **75c** to **$2** yard.

Imported Silks, from France, Switzerland, Italy and Japan, warranted both by us and the makers, **75c** to **$2** yard.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per inch, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Rates charged for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 10, 1910.

Smile.

And the day before it snowed.

"Mighty Casey has Struck Out."

Tener and Berry broke even in this borough.

The Commonwealth is saved but the county has gone to'll.

'Twas a trifle cold by the Berry crop, and only a trifle at that.

The "I Told You So Club" was out in full uniform yesterday.

"It's all over but the shouting," and the other side is doing most of that.

Benson's "gum shoe" campaign worked well on Tuesday's tracking snow.

Bob Hilton's Sunny Jim smile and velvet mit handshake certainly was the goods.

Something like a volcanic eruption was heard in the direction of Mount J. Tuesday night.

Sam Bell and "Grandpa" Redfield saw the joke was on them and they took it in the best of humor.

Democratic National Committeeman Norman E. Mack pulled down the wrong lever on the voting machine in Buffalo and voted the straight Republican ticket. He didn't vote until 3 o'clock and the mistake was due to his haste.

Between 200 and 300 miners were entombed in the coal mine of the Victor American Fuel company at Delagua, at 3:30 p. m. Tuesday, by an explosion of gas. All are believed to be dead. Fire followed the explosion. Fifty of the men in the wrecked mine are reported to have escaped through entry No. 2. Two of the men who were in the mine at the time of the accident have been rescued. They are unable to tell anything that would lead to the belief that their comrades are still alive.

Champ Clark, minority leader in the House of Representatives, when advised that the Democrats would control the next House of Representatives, said: "The landslide is attributable directly to the tariff and the fight on the rules in the House. The rules split the Republican party and the tariff bill, coming so soon after caused dissatisfaction throughout the country. I am an avowed candidate for Speaker of the House and I hope to be elected. Yesterday's election is a sure end to the objectionable House rules."

William B. McKinley, chairman of the Republican National Congressional committee, says of the election results: "When it is considered that barely two-thirds of the Republican vote in the Middle Western states came to the polls and the further fact that factional differences had aroused an unusual degree of bitterness among the Republicans, the result of the election is not at all surprising. The revision of the tariff always has proved a disturbing element in American politics, and this year has been no exception. Judging by the light vote polled, the Republican party had the same experience they had in 1892, two years after the passage of the McKinley bill. At that time about 40 per cent. of the Republican voters in the Middle Western states was loath to vote for the Republican party when it was not quite clear that the new McKinley tariff measure was what they wanted. This election was a repetition of the result at that time. It is my opinion that two years from now, after it shall have been fully demonstrated that the present tariff bill is beneficial to the country, the same conditions will obtain as in 1894, when the Republicans swept the country. After the Democratic Wilson tariff bill had become law, the distress in the country was so widespread that the people returned the Republican party to power by a tremendous majority. Looking to the future, it is my opinion that this defeat will wipe out all factional differences and that the Republican party will present a united front in 1912."

Millinery for Fall and Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies headgear, call and see me.

Oct. 6-tf CARRIE CLARK.

FOILED.

A Historical Story of Diplomacy.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

In looking over some papers, yellow with age, I came upon the following, written by my grandfather, who in his younger days was a newspaper correspondent of considerable celebrity:

During the civil war I was sent to France as correspondent for the Washington ——. The duties of a European correspondent are very different from one in America. There it is the duty of the enterprising journalist to secure an entree to the society of those who are making the history of their times, from whom alone he can get the news.

There was one man in France to whom the Emperor Napoleon III. was more indebted for bolstering him on his throne than any of his imperial majesty's official councilors. One evening at a ball at the Tuileries this man, whom I shall call Count de V., approached me and entered into a conversation with me about my journalistic work. I was rather surprised that he should take any interest in such a matter, for no American correspondent was a part of the European system, being usually employed to gather the news as it was published and transmit it to American newspapers.

Among other things Count de V. asked me if I corresponded with any other than American papers. I replied that I had a commission to send news to an English paper whenever I had anything special to send, whereupon he asked me to breakfast with him the next morning, promising that he would give me an item.

When I left the count the next morning at breakfast I was not only amazed at [illegible] he gave me, but at his giving it. He told me that the emperor [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

The Lindholm Company,

McCall's fashion book for December, Price 50c.

TOUGH SHOES FOR LIVELY BOYS and GIRLS

Our new styles are now ready for inspection. Stout is material and strong in make.—We have the right kind, made for us and warranted by us. Give them a trial.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Delicious Coffee every Morning

and always the same with a

Rochester Percolator

Popular in Price - Simple to Operate - Easy to Clean

SAVES NEARLY HALF

because it extracts all of the good of the coffee

Ask for our Illustrated Folder: "How to Make Delicious Coffee."

ALL SIZES

Daly & Garlick

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 10, 1910.

Local and General.

—Rabbit-hunters are numerous.

—The Lemon Club will hold a dance at the Lyceum next Tuesday evening.

—Rev. Stark and family have moved into a part of his mother's house on Green street.

—A big vote was cast in this borough on Tuesday but everything passed off quietly.

—Mrs. Earl Gallup entertained a number of ladies at her home on Center street Tuesday.

—It is reported that the B., R. & P. and the D., L. & W. railroads are to be consolidated.

—Fifteen young couples held a dance at Holder's hall last evening. A very delightful time is reported.

—J. C. Backus, who has been confined to the house for the past week with a severe cold, is able to be out again.

—Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin entertained the Bridge Whist Club yesterday afternoon at her home on West Main street.

—Deer hunting season opens on Tuesday next. None but bucks with visible horns may be killed according to law and only one in a season. The season closes on Dec. 1.

—An old well belonging to the Smethport Gas company, and located on the Raymer farm was shot last Monday in two sands and promises to be a good producer once more.

—Mrs. Sidney Burdick gave a recital at Holder's hall last Saturday afternoon for her pupils. The function was largely attended and all enjoyed themselves hugely.

—S. E. Bell received the sad intelligence of the death of his niece, Esther Bell, aged 16 years, last Thursday which occurred that morning and left on the evening train to attend the funeral.

—Preaching services at the Methodist Episcopal church Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject "A Far Country Nearby." Evening subject, "Winning in the Race Set Before Us."

—Charley Wah has bought out the Chinese hand laundry of Lee Sing, located in the basement of E. E. Heath's barber shop and will conduct that business in the future. See his advertisement in another column.

—Alice Carlson, the self-confessed 14-year-old burglar who entered the stores of Mrs. R. A. Parrott and Mrs. Ruth Smith of Jamestown, N. Y., was arraigned in court last Friday and it was decided that she be sent to the Training School for Girls at Hudson, N. Y.

—News has reached here of the death of Irene Jeanette, the 16-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bisett at Cleveland, Ohio, on Sunday, Oct. 30. Mr. and Mrs. Bisett formerly lived in Smethport and many friends here extend sympathy in their bereavement.

—County Committeeman W. A. Ostrander, through the kindness and by the assistance of his many friends, has been conducting a moving picture show in the front windows of his office on Main street. All pictures were of a political nature and created considerable amusement among the followers of the various political faiths.

—Two business places in Austin were destroyed by fire last Thursday morning entailing a loss of about $15,000. The flames were first discovered at about 4 o'clock in the morning in the Ward building and soon spread to the Lynch building. The Moose lodge had rooms on the second floor of the Ward building and lost all of their effects.

—The writer paid a short visit to the big lumber operations at Norwich last Saturday and found many improvements going on. The dam for the new mill is being put in at the mouth of Havens brook and is being made of cement. Below a large tract of land is being cleared for the mill and lumber yard, probably amounting to a hundred acres, and business generally is lively in that hustling town.

—Smethport did nobly by Messrs. Bell and Redfield at the polls on Tuesday considering the fact that R. W. Hilton, one of their opponents, is also a Smethport man and they have every reason to feel proud of their vote at home even if the voters did not give them the support they deserved. Mr. Hilton also has reasons to be proud of the endorsement he received by the voters of this borough.

—The new school house at Norwich is expected to be completed in a few days and as soon as it is ready school will be opened. A. H. Kidder of this place, who is erecting the building, has put up an excellent building in a very short time. Miss Alice Stull, a former teacher in the East Smethport schools is to be the principal and Miss Sarah Greer of this place has also accepted a position as teacher.

—Commissioner John P. Devlin's famous two-headed calf is now on exhibition in the corridor of the court house. This calf is perfectly harmless as it has long since departed this life and has been carefully stuffed. The two heads are almost perfectly developed and it is said that before life left this strangely constructed body the heads answered to the names of Grim and Berry.

—By placing his hand on a live wire J. George Amann, an employe of the Warren Street Railway company, was electrocuted in front of the waiting room on Liberty street, in that city shortly before 1 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. About 3300 volts passed through his body and death was almost instantaneous. Physicians could detect very faint heart action and they labored over him for thirty minutes but their efforts were in vain and at 1:25 they pronounced the unfortunate man dead.

—Harry Bryan, a farmer of Caldwell, Clinton county, has been having trouble with bears. He says that three of the ilk threaten to eat his entire corn crop unless some hunter succeeds in killing the trio. It appears that during the past several weeks a large bear and two small ones have been visiting his cornfield nightly and have eaten at least thirty bushels of corn. He has set traps for them but these proved unavailing.

—Miss Anna E. Griffin and Mr. Charles J. Grossman, both of this borough, were united in marriage at St. Elizabeth's church last Saturday morning, Nov. 5, 1910, Rev. J. F. Dugan performing the ceremony. Shortly following the marriage ceremony an excellent wedding breakfast was served to the bridal party at the Commercial Hotel by Miss Curtis. The happy couple have the best wishes of a host of friends in this place.

—Dr. J. R. Biggens, a graduate of the Medico-Chirurigal college, of Philadelphia, has located in town with offices in the Florine and Anderson building on the corner of Cobb and Center streets. Dr. Biggens was a resident physician in the Philadelphia general hospital for a year following his graduation, and for four years examining physician for the Pennsylvania railroad company at Johnstown. Following this service he was on duty as a resident physician at Mt. Alton for a time. He is a very pleasing young man to meet and comes to the town highly recommended for ability and there is no doubt but that he will make good as a practicing physician. —Johnsonburg Breeze.

CHAUFFEUR MAKES STATEMENT.

He Says Tire Blew Up and Ditched Machine.

This week's issue of the Johnsonburg Breeze contains a story of the frightful automobile accident near Glen Hazel a couple of weeks ago, in which Mrs. J. E. Jackson and little son of St. Marys, were killed, and three others injured. Mr. Meyers was the chauffeur on the car, and though he himself was hurt quite badly, he has recovered and is now at his home in the Paper City.

The Breeze says:

"Mr. Meyers feels very keenly the sad ending of the days outing notwithstanding that no blame is placed at his door on account of it. He claims that the car was not running over 15 miles an hour when the tire blew up, and following this accident the car slewed quickly to one side, struck a log and pitched over the bank. When he came to a realization of the affair he found himself pinned underneath the car and was apparently unable to move. In some manner he extricated himself and found that Mrs. Kline was the only one free and she promptly fainted. He succeeded in bringing her to when Miss Willmarth crawled from beneath the car. He started these ladies in search of help and he himself went about the work of jacking up the car to release Mrs. Jackson and her little son whom he knew to be dead. He succeeded in getting the little boy out and had carried him to the edge of the road when he was overcome by his injuries and fainted. When he came to, help was at hand. It was not known at first how seriously he was hurt, but his early recovery shows that his injuries were not as bad as was feared."

Legal Blanks.

The Miner has carried a pretty good line of legal blanks for many years past and now we have decided to give this department more attention than ever. We propose to keep in stock practically all the different kinds of blanks used to any extent by lawyers and justices of the peace, and we solicit the patronage of everyone in this vicinity using such blanks. Not that we have not received a liberal share of the business in the past, but, as we are going into it more extensively we want and expect to get more business by having a larger stock to select from and by giving all orders either mail or telephone, prompt attention.

Our prices compare favorably with those of outside concerns when material and workmanship is considered. We have branches in the Port Allegany Argus and Eldred Eagle offices where any of the ordinary blanks can be secured by patrons from those places and if either place does not have the blank you need the manager will get it for you on short notice. Try them and get in the habit of using Miner blanks exclusively.

Subscribe for The Miner.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

Miss Mate Connolly was a Bradford visitor Tuesday.

Hon. R. W. Hilton was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

Mrs. M. M. Gillett is visiting friends in Erie this week.

Waldo Sasse of Kane was a visitor in town yesterday.

Mrs. W. D. Morey spent Friday and Saturday at Bradford.

Mrs. J. Clayton Backus was a Bradford visitor this week.

Miss Edna Conies was the guest of Olean friends last week.

A. L. Colegrove of Olean was in town on business this week.

Fred McFall of Eldred was a business visitor in town yesterday.

Mrs. Sarah Blake of Eldred is visiting at the home of J. C. Backus.

Miss Catherine Cassidy of Ormsby was a Smethport visitor Wednesday.

Everell Chadwick was home from Buffalo from Friday until Tuesday.

S. D. Lemen returned home Monday from a three weeks' vacation trip.

Ed Glavin of State College was home from Saturday until Tuesday.

Gustine Cable of the Bradford Sunday Herald is in town to-day on business.

Mrs. J. J. Curtis of Eldred was the guest of her son, C. H. Curtis over Sunday.

G. B. Mayo returned home from Philadelphia and other points on Saturday.

Mrs. George Gerritt and Mrs. M. L. Eagan were business visitors in Bradford yesterday.

Miss Sarah Oviatt was an attendant at the Armstrong-Tamlin wedding in Buffalo last week.

E. W. Workley returned home Monday from a business visit to Philadelphia and Eastern cities.

Earl Hafner left for Mt. Jewett Monday where he has accepted a position in the News office.

Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Hogarth left yesterday for State College to attend the Pennsylvania Day exercises.

Miss May Howe returned to Instanter, Pa., Wednesday after spending a week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Howe.

Mrs. Ella King returned to her home in Bradford last Thursday after a week's visit with relatives and friends in this place.

Miss Grayce Sheldon of Port Allegany returned home this morning after a week's visit in town, the guest of Miss Alice Connolly.

I. C. Stratton and F. J. Shattuck and daughter, Grace, who were visiting in town last week, returned to their home in Jamesville last Friday.

M. L. Armstrong and daughter, Mrs. John Kelley, were Buffalo visitors last week to attend the wedding of their son and brother, Floyd Armstrong.

John W. Baker, of Niagara Falls, and George Baker of Boston were visitors in town over Sunday, renewing old friendships. John was a former employe in this office, having learned his trade here and George was well known as the youngest solo cornetist that ever played with the Smethport band.

Notice! Boys and Girls!

Skating season is here. Have you any skates? We will give a pair free to the first twenty-five who answer this advertisement. For particulars write to Keystone Supply Co., Eldred, Pa. Nov.10-1t

Administer's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration in the estate of Edward Johnson, late of Hazelhurst, Pa., deceased, have been granted to F. T. Anderson. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

F. T. ANDERSON,
Nov. 3-6t Administrator,
Hazelhurst, Pa., Nov. 3, 1910.

NEW ARRIVALS

Just in this morning—a big new line of elegant Winter overcoats. The "swagger," classy models that stylish young men admire. Fabrics are strictly all wool and will wear like iron while they are almost cold-proof. Defy the cold blasts of old Winter by enveloping your manly form in one of these handsome overcoats.

$12.00 to $18.00

MONHEIMER'S

Woolten Garments Home Journal Patterns Cluett Shirts

Raincoats

We have added to our garment stock some very choice models in ladies raincoats—the product of the Mineralized Rubber Co. of New York.

They are beautifully tailored and represent fashions latest word as to style; materials are serges and mohairs.

Easily worth a fourth more than we ask.

You should own one.

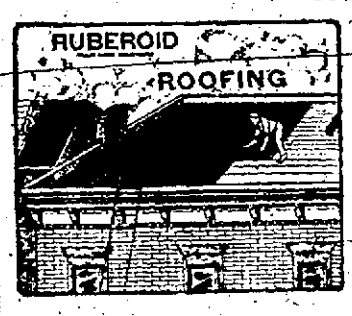
$10.50 to $16.50

Sizes 34 to 44.

FRY & COMES,

The Store that sells Wooltex

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, prices cannot be lower. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

BROWNELL

NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

1880 1910

¶ THIRTY YEARS AGO—when the Pittsburg Agency was founded—the assets of all life insurance companies in this country were $401,515,793,—less than the present assets of The Equitable alone.

¶ Thirty years ago The Equitable had but $297,500 insurance in force in this district. To-day families and business firms in this district are protected by over $92,000,000 insurance in The Equitable.

¶ Have *YOU enough* Life Insurance?

THE EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
"Strongest in the World"
EDWARD A. WOODS, Manager
Equitable Floor, Frick Bldg., Pittsburg

C. A. BURDICK, Agt. Smethport, Pa.

The Real Townsend

A Complication That Was Born of a Blunder.

By MOLLIE K. METHERELL.

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

"For the Effinghams," I said to the elevator boy as I handed him my card.

I was in a New York apartment house for a call on some old friends of mine. The elevator boy handed my card to the telephone boy, who announced to the Effinghams that Mr. Townsend had called.

"All right," said the latter after receiving a reply. "You're to go up."

I stepped on the elevator and was soon ushered by a maid in a black dress and a white ruffled apron into the drawing room of an apartment on the sixth floor. There was no one in the room, which surprised me, for I was very intimate with the Effinghams and supposed that at the announcement of my name the whole family would be waiting to greet me.

It was fully ten minutes that I sat waiting when I noticed that the light shining through a keyhole in a door opening into an adjoining room suddenly gave place to darkness.

"One of the girls," I said to myself, "is spying on me. That's a game two can play at."

I got up from my seat, strolled about the room, looking at the pictures on the wall as if to kill time while waiting, and when I reached the door in question quickly turned the knob and threw the door open.

There, kneeling so as to bring an eye opposite the keyhole, was a young lady I had never seen. Her face was crimson, and after looking at me for a moment she covered her face with her hands.

I saw at a glance that not only one mistake had been made, but several. There might be fifty families in the building, and there were probably more than one named Effingham. I had doubtless got into the wrong flat. But why was the girl peering at me through the keyhole? Perhaps there had been a double coincidence of names, she knowing some one by the name of Townsend, or she did not know any one by that name and was anxious to reconnoiter the visitor before appearing. My curiosity being aroused, I resolved not to spoil my chance of enlightenment by giving anything away. I proposed to listen, not to talk.

The girl arose and, still blushing to the roots of her hair, came forward.

"I am mortified beyond measure," she said, "at being caught in such a position, but you must admit that before receiving a call from the man I am to marry I would naturally desire to see him unobserved myself."

"The most natural thing in the world," I replied, repressing a start on learning that I was to be the girl's husband.

"I received your note," she continued, "saying you would call yesterday, and later your telegram that you had suddenly been called away. Then when you were announced just now I was taken quite by surprise, having expected that our meeting would not take place for some time yet."

"I decided not to go."

"My act is certainly not calculated to give you a favorable impression of me, I admit. Just think of a man calling for the first time on a girl he is to marry, whom he has never seen, and finding her peeping through a keyhole. It's simply dreadful!"

"But becoming. To my taste, a girl never looks so well as when blushing."

"But there is no necessity for us to stand. Be seated." She sank on a sofa. I on an easy chair. "I have fought against such a marriage, but my guardian, who has certain views for my property, has finally worn me out. Besides, he tells me that you are as much interested from that point of view as I. Nevertheless I have told him that after seeing you if you were repulsive to me the matter should not go any further. And that is the reason why I was endeavoring to get a peep at you before meeting you. I intended if you were disagreeable to me even in appearance that I would after all decline to receive you."

"Knowing this, I'm sorry I didn't leave you free to make a decision."

"I should have decided to meet you," she replied to this, casting down her eyes.

"Thank heaven!"

"You mean that you are pleased that these schemes for the development of our properties are to be carried out," she said archly.

"I assure you," I replied, with an injured look, "that these property schemes have nothing to do with my satisfaction at finding you in every way so much more attractive than I had hoped for."

There was a blush at this, not of mortification, but of pleasure.

"Now, I beg of you," I continued, "not to speak further of this matter of property interest that has brought us together. Let us consider our projected union one of inclination alone. Yet before dating so I would like to get one matter out of the way so that it may not influence us. Please write on a bit of paper what you consider the amount of your possessions, and I will do the same. We will exchange these papers and will both know what we can to expect primarily from each other."

Now, I flatter myself this was very foxy on my part. I was not sure but that I would like to win this girl, and I did not care to do so, rendering myself liable to a charge of deception other than in permitting her to continue in a mistake. We exchanged the slips, and it turned out that my possessions were double hers.

"Why," she exclaimed on looking at the amount on my slip, "Mr. Martinez did not tell me that there was such an inequality as that. I don't understand why you who had never seen me should have desired me simply on account of a property consideration, mine being but one-half yours."

"I said to you just now before this interchange of information that after it had been made the sordid part of this transaction should be dropped. Now let us talk of other matters."

By skillful management I learned that the man I had been mistaken for had gone away to be absent several weeks and that no communication was likely to take place between him and Miss Effingham until his return. At first I permitted myself to drift on into the false position carelessly, but now and again twinges of conscience would come to me and more than all, a distaste for the denouement that was sure to follow. At the end of this our first meeting it was evident that we were mutually pleased with each other, and if we continued to be so the wishes of the lady's guardian would be carried out. What these wishes were or how far they would tend to her enrichment I didn't care. When I arose to go she said:

"But you are not going before seeing my stepmother and my half sisters. They are my only relatives."

"Pardon me," I replied. "I am rather shy of meeting strangers especially under the present circumstances. How would it do for them to get a sight of me the way you did—through the keyhole?"

"If you ever mention that again you may consider the matter broken off between us forever. After all, I think it as well that you should meet them during a later visit."

"I'm sure of it. How often do you think you can endure a call from me?"

"As often as you like."

I wondered whether Miss Effingham considered that we were engaged and would grant me an engaged man's privilege or, rather, expect me to take it. I didn't wish to presume so far on a mistaken identity and was going away without a kiss. The lady must have considered herself engaged, for she made it plain that no such cold departure would please her. I took the kiss, and, though it was intensely enjoyable, I felt that I had received that to which I was not entitled.

When I stepped out of that apartment house into the open air I was fairly overpowered by the change which had come over me since I had entered it. There were pleasurable sensations confused with horrible anticipations. What would I do during the next few weeks while this other Townsend was away? Was I to try to win the girl? I conned over the question as to whether or no it would be honorable for me to do so. There were several points in my favor. In the first place, I was twice as well fixed in worldly possessions as the other fellow. In the second, I had found favor in Miss Effingham's sight, and she had yet to see him. She might on meeting him take a great dislike to him. I secretly hoped she would. I took pleasure in depicting him in my mind's eye as a red headed, freckled, snub nosed chap with the forehead of an orang outang.

I went straight home, sat down in an easy chair and tried to think of some plan whereby I might come out of the matter with eclat instead of contempt, but failed to find one.

What would have been the outcome had I not been pierced with an arrow shot from the little god I don't know. It would probably have been far different from what it was. I vowed to keep away from Miss Effingham and the consequences of my first visit to her. I kept my resolution by calling the next day, and the next and the next, for two weeks, every day intending a confession and never making one. Meanwhile the matter between us was a case of desperate love.

I went to see my sweetheart one day and learned that the sword suspended over me had fallen. I found her in the room where I had first met her, talking in an excited state to a man who, as I entered, looked at me scrutinizingly. Miss Effingham, as if to shut us both from her mind, sank on a sofa and concealed her face with her handkerchief.

"Who are you, sir?" I asked. "The lady does not seem inclined to introduce us."

"I am Edward Townsend."

"And I am John Townsend."

"I am *the* Townsend, sir."

"Edith," I said, "it's all out. You mistook me for this gentleman, and I permitted you to continue in your mistake. All that remains to be done is for you to decide between us."

"Leave me, both of you," she wailed.

The other Townsend and myself naturally obeyed and at the same time. It was an embarrassing walk through the corridor and a miserable ride down the elevator. I was much put out to discover that the real original Townsend was a far better looking man than myself. When we parted at the outer door we both raised our hats politely, scowling at each other, and went in different directions.

Within a week a little note came to me addressed in a woman's hand. I tore it open. It read:

Dearest, come to me.

Then I knew I was the real Townsend.

Blunders Abroad.

The latest and significantest of an experience incorporated by Mr. Maurice Baring in his book, "Russian Essays and Stories," are undoubtedly the mistake of underrating one's wares. One is likely to be taken at one's word. Once when Mr. Baring was competing in a civil service examination and appeared as a candidate in the German viva voce the German examiner asked him if he could speak German.

"Yes, a little," he answered modestly.

"Oh," said the examiner, "I will then wish you good morning. I will no doubt have the pleasure of seeing you again the next time there is an examination."

The next time there was an examination Mr. Baring presented himself again. The German examiner, who happened to be a different man, asked Mr. Baring if he could speak German. He replied:

"Yes, I speak it as well as Bismarck spoke it, and my written style combines the solidity of Lessing's, the limpidity of Goethe's and the lightness of touch of Heine's, as you have no doubt observed from my written papers."

"Then I need not trouble you any further," said the examiner.

That time Mr. Baring got full marks.

A Camel's Stomach.

The stomach of a camel is divided into four compartments, and the walls of one of these are lined with large cells, every one of which can be opened and closed at will by means of powerful muscles. When a camel drinks it drinks a very great deal. Indeed, it goes drinking on for such a very long time that really you would think that it never meant to leave off. But the fact is that it is not only satisfying its thirst, but is filling up its cistern as well. One after another the cells in its stomach are filled with the water, and as soon as each is quite full it is tightly closed. Then when the animal becomes thirsty a few hours later all that it has to do is to open one of the cells and allow the water to flow out. Next day it opens one or two more cells, and so it goes on day after day until the whole supply is exhausted. In this curious way a camel can live five or even six days without drinking at all and so is able to travel quite easily through the desert, where the wells are often hundreds of miles apart.

A Bit Too Clever.

Holman Hunt used to tell how a carpenter saved one of his best known pictures from a serious error. The man was doing some odd jobs about the house and was found frowning at "The Shadow of the Cross" in the studio—the picture in which Christ, who has been sawing a plank in the workshop, rises to his full height and stretches, his shadow forming a crucifix.

"Well?" asked the artist interrogatively.

"Don't think much of it, mister," was the blunt comment.

"Why?" demanded Hunt, amused, but a trifle nettled.

"Any one that can saw wood without making any sawdust is a sight clever'n any I ever seed," was the answer.

It was true—the floor was clean beneath the bench!

Some Nautical Facts.

A knot is 6,080 feet long. The distance from New York to Liverpool is 3,064 nautical miles by the northern track and 3,139 by the southern track. The former course is taken by vessels bound for New York, the latter by vessels bound for Liverpool. From Liverpool to New York the distances are respectively 3,039 and 3,100 miles.

In estimating records the points taken on either side are Sandy Hook and Daunt's rock, Queenstown harbor. The first light sighted on the British coast is the Bull, Cow and Calf, Ireland, and on the American coast either Nantucket or Fire Island.

He Was Cautious.

Frederick the Great was always fond of disputatious, but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins few of his guests were disposed for an argument. He asked one of his suit why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, your majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such convictions and wears such very thick boots!"

Live Table Talk.

"I hope you will be interested in yonder gentleman," said the hostess. "I have assigned him to take you out to dinner."

"I shall be," responded the lady addressed. "That gentleman was formerly my husband, and he's behind with his alimony."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It Often Is.

"I was in hopes when I married that I could give my wife everything she wanted."

"Well?"

"I didn't think her yearning capacity would be so much greater than my earning capacity."—Washington Herald.

Gives Him No Chance.

"Were you quarreling with your wife when I came in? I heard you talking loud."

"No. When we're quarreling she's the one that talks."—Cleveland Leader.

Grief is crowned with consolation.—Shakespeare.

The Apicius, Use of a Rich

A Roman woman in the ancient days was not allowed to drink wine except it were simple raisin wine, and however she might relish strong drinks she could not indulge even by stealth—first, because she was never intrusted with the key of the wine cellar and, second, because she was obliged daily to greet with a kiss all her own as well as her husband's male representatives, down even to second cousins, and as she knew not when or where she might meet them she was forced to be wary and abstain altogether, for had she tasted but a drop the smell would have betrayed her. So strict were the old Romans in this respect that a certain Ignatius Mercurius is said to have slain his wife because he caught her at the wine cask—a punishment which was not deemed excessive by Romulus, who absolved the husband of the crime of murder. Another Roman lady who under the pretense of taking a little wine for her stomach's sake and frequent infirmities indulged somewhat too freely was mulcted to the full amount of her dowry.

Among the Honors.

One of the last times that Bishop Burgess of Long Island dined out was at the Press club, where the waiters are all negroes. The head waiter bowed Bishop Burgess and his host profusely to their places. "This way, suh, suh'ral," said he. "Tek this table. You get a bettah view of the harbor heah, admi'ral."

"I am not an admiral," said Bishop Burgess, smiling.

"My mistek, suh," said the head waiter. "Ah mout er known all the time I was er talkin' to a military man. You like dis table, colonel?"

"I am not a colonel," said Bishop Burgess, smiling more broadly. "I am a bishop."

"To be shuah, suh," said the head waiter. "To-o be shuah! I'e'y sorry for mah mistek, suh. I got dem titles of adm'ral and colonel wrong, suh, but Ah was all right on de main issue. Ah knowed soon as Ah saw you dat you was one of de face cards of your profession, suh."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Purely Hypothetical.

"Uncle Henry, I want to ask your advice."

"Well?"

"But you mustn't mention it to a living soul. Suppose you were a young girl of my age and three men had proposed to you, one of them a young preacher, fine looking and well educated, the second one a handsome young man in business, a well dresser and thinking the world of you, and the third a rich foreigner with a distinguished air about him and well spoken of by everybody. Which of the three do you think would make the best husband?"

"Why, Annabel, child, consult your own heart. Which of the three do you love best?"

"Mercy, Uncle Henry! Nobody's proposed to me yet. I'm only trying to get pointers, so I'll know the right man when he comes along."—Chicago Tribune.

The Preparation of Parchment.

Parchment is the skin of sheep or other animals prepared in sheets to render them fit for being written upon. The heavier parchment, used for drumheads, is made from the skins of asses, older calves, wolves and goats. All these are similarly prepared. The skin, being freed from the hair, is placed in a lime pit to cleanse it from fat. The pelt is then stretched upon a frame, care being taken that the surface is free from wrinkles. The flesh is pared off with a circular knife, after which it is moistened, and whiting spread over it. Then the workman, with a large pumice stone, rubs the skin. He next goes over it with an iron instrument and rubs it carefully with pumice stone without chalk. Finally the skin is gradually dried, tightening being occasionally required.

A Fast Express.

The slow train is still the target for the shafts of the humorist. Recently an English wag sent the following letter to the editor of his local paper: "Sir, is there no way to put a stop to begging along the line of the railway? For instance, yesterday an aged mendicant with a wooden leg kept pace with the afternoon express all the way from Blankton to Spaceley, and annoyed the passengers exceedingly, going from one open window to another with his importunate solicitations."

Prince Henry, the Navigator.

The kingdom of Portugal counted in its royal house one of the men who hold first rank in scientific attainment and practical application. He was the son of John I. of Portugal and Queen Philippa (who was an English princess); he spent his life in sending out ships on voyages of discovery, and it was through this Prince Henry, called "the Navigator," that Columbus got his idea of seeking for a new land across the sea.

Our Friendships.

Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions "because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of morals and of nature.—Goethe.

Nature's Ways.

Nature turns over a new leaf in the spring, but in the fall she always paints things red.—Philadelphia Record.

Diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck.—Smiles.

How to Open a Can of Corn.

One of the smallest of the little girls in a West Philadelphia family had often assisted her mother in preparing the meals. She observed that her mother, who was rather hasty, always talked to herself when she had any difficulty in opening cans of vegetables. The little girl thought that the habit was a part of the operation.

One day she was visiting a neighbor and went into the kitchen to help prepare a meal.

She watched the neighbor take a can of corn, apply the opener and remove the top.

"That's not the way to open a can of corn," said the little girl.

"Why, what other way is there?" asked the neighbor.

"Well, you take the can of corn and start to open it, and then you bear down and the opener slips. Then you say 'Darn this can!' and finish it. That's the way my mother opens a can of corn."—Philadelphia Times.

Diamonds to Lampblack.

You may purchase equal quantities of carbon for 5 cents or a million dollars. A bargain hunter might invest a nickel and get a package of pure lampblack. The million would secure a blazing diamond, easily turned into lampblack; not so easily—intense heat would be required. However, coal and wood are really more valuable than diamonds. They surrender life giving heat, while the only use so far discovered for diamonds is to cut glass, and for this carborundum is a good substitute. All diamonds in existence could be annihilated without loss to mankind; but, then, to vaporize diamonds would be costly, as the enormous heat of 12,632 degrees F. in the concentration of an electric furnace would be required, and then you might get enough graphite to make a lead pencil or a little fine stove polish. —Edgar Lucien Larkin in Nautilus.

Mystery of the Egg.

An egg for one thing is a succession of bags, bagged up in one another, a series of envelopes enveloped in one another, bags and envelopes without joints, seams or openings. Puzzles, ships built up and full rigged in bottles, flies in amber, are simply simplicity itself as puzzles when it comes to how these bags wrap one another up, bag in bag. In a hen's egg there are eight or nine or ten of the sacks in sacks ensacked. Everybody thinks he knows what an egg is, and after years of reading and study in many languages he only begins to learn that nobody knows a tiny fraction of all the world of secrets and mysteries hidden in an egg. "As full of meat as an egg" is not the true comparison, but "as full of mystery as an egg" is nearer the truth. Eggs are the greatest puzzle in all nations.—New York Press.

Poor Pay, Poor Preach.

Once upon a time there was an Indian named Big Smoke. A white man, encountering Big Smoke, asked him what he did for a living.

"Umph!" said Big Smoke. "Me preach."

"That so? What do you get for preaching?"

"Me git ten dollar a year."

"Well," said the white man, "that's d——d poor pay."

"Umph!" said Big Smoke. "Me d——d poor preach!"

So runs the world—poor pay, poor preach.—Minneapolis Tribune.

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PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

Being Another Case of Truth Stranger Than Fiction.

By O. HENRY.

(Copyright, 1910, by Doubleday, Page & Company.)

Spring winked a vitreous optic at Editor Westbrook of the Minerva Magazine and deflected him from his course. He had lunched in his favorite corner of a Broadway hotel and was returning to his office when his feet became entangled in the lure of the vernal coquette. Which is by way of saying that he turned eastward in Twenty-sixth street, safely forded the spring freshet of vehicles in Fifth avenue and meandered along the walks of budding Madison square.

The lenient air and the settings of the little park almost formed a pastoral; the color motiff was green—the prevailing shade at the creation of man and vegetation.

The callow grass between the walks was the color of verdigris, a poisonous green, reminiscent of the horde of derelict humans that had breathed upon the soil during the summer and autumn. The bursting tree buds looked strangely familiar to those who had botanized among the garnishings of the deli course of a forty cent dinner. The sky above was of that pale aqua-

SAW THAT HIS CAPTOR WAS DAWE—SHACKLEFORD DAWE.

marine that Hall Room poets rhyme with "true" and "blue" and "coo." The one natural and frank color visible was the ostensible green of the newly painted benches—a shade between the color of a pickled cucumber and that of a last year's fast black cravenette raincoat. But to the city bred eye of Editor Westbrook the landscape presented a masterpiece.

And now, whether you are of those who rush in or of the gentle concourse that fears to tread, you must follow me briefly invasion of the editor's mind.

Editor Westbrook's spirit was contented and serene. The April number of the Minerva had sold its entire edition before the tenth day of the month. A newsdealer in Keokuk had written that he could have sold fifty copies more if he had had 'em. The owners of the magazine had raised his (the editor's) salary, he had just installed in his home a jewel of a recently imported cook who was afraid of policemen, and the morning papers had published in full a speech he had made at a publishers' banquet. Also there were echoing in his mind the jubilant notes of a splendid song that his charming young wife had sung to him before he left his uptown apartment that morning. She was taking enthusiastic interest in her music of late, practicing early and diligently. When he had complimented her on the improvement in her voice she had fairly hugged him for joy at his praise. He felt, too, the benign tonic medicament of the trained nurse. Spring, tripping softly adown the wards of the convalescent city.

While Editor Westbrook was sauntering between the rows of park benches already filling with vagrants and the guardians of lawless childhood he felt his sleeve grasped and held. Suspecting that he was about to be panhandled, he turned a cold and unprofitable face and saw that his captor was Dawe—Shackleford Dawe—dingy, almost ragged, the genteel scarcely visible in him through the deeper lines of the shabby.

While the editor is pulling himself out of his surprise a flashlight biography of Dawe is offered.

He was a fiction writer and one of Westbrook's old acquaintances. At one time they might have called each other old friends. Dawe had some money in those days and lived in a decent apartment house near Westbrook's. The two families often went to theaters and dinners together. Mrs. Dawe and Mrs. Westbrook became "dearest" friends. Then one day a little tentacle of the octopus, just to amuse itself, ingurgitated Dawe's capital, and he moved to the Gramercy park neighborhood, where one for a few groats per week may sit upon one's trunk under eight branched chandeliers and, opposite Carrara marble mantels and watch the mice play upon the floor. Dawe thought to live by writing fiction. Now and then he sold a story. He submitted many to Westbrook. The Minerva printed one or two of them; the rest were returned. Westbrook sent a careful and conscientious personal letter, with each rejected manuscript, pointing out in details his reasons for considering it unavailable. Editor Westbrook had his own clear conception of what constituted good fiction; so had Dawe. Mrs. Dawe was mainly concerned about the constituents of the scanty dishes of food that she managed to scrape together. One day Dawe had been spouting to her about the excellencies of certain French writers. At dinner they sat down to a dish that a hungry schoolboy could have encompassed at a gulp. Dawe commented.

"It's Maupassant-hash," said Mrs Dawe. "It may not be art, but I do wish you would do a five course Marion Crawford serial with an Ella Wheeler Wilcox sonnet for dessert. I'm hungry."

As far as this from success was Shackleford Dawe when he plucked Editor Westbrook's sleeve in Madison square. That was the first time the editor had seen Dawe in several months.

"Why, Shack, is this you?" said Westbrook, somewhat awkwardly, for the form of his phrase seemed to touch upon the other's changed appearance.

"Sit down for a minute," said Dawe, tugging at his sleeve. "This is my office. I can't come to yours looking as I do. Oh, sit down! You won't be disgraced.—Those half plucked birds on the other benches will take you for a swell porch climber. They won't know you are only an editor."

"Smoke, Shack?" said Editor Westbrook, sinking cautiously upon the virulent green bench. He always yielded gracefully when he did yield.

Dawe snapped at the cigar as a kingfisher darts at a sun perch or a girl pecks at a chocolate cream.

"How goes the writing?" asked the editor.

"Look at me," said Dawe, "for your answer. Now, don't put on that embarrassed, friendly, but honest look and ask me why I don't get a job as a wine agent or a cab driver. I'm in the fight to a finish. I know I can write good fiction, and I'll force you fellows to admit it yet. I'll make you change the spelling of 'regrets' to 'e-i-e-e-k' before I'm done with you."

Editor Westbrook gazed through his nose glasses with a sweetly sorrowful, omniscient, sympathetic, skeptical expression—the copyrighted expression of the editor beleaguered by the unavailable contributor.

"Have you read the last story I sent you, 'The Alarum of the Soul?'" asked Dawe.

"Carefully. I hesitated over that story, Shack; really I did. If had some good points. I was writing you a letter to send with it when it goes back to you. I regret"—

"Never mind the regrets," said Dawe grimly. "There's neither salve nor sting in 'em any more. What I want to know is why. Come, now; out with the good points first."

"The story," said Westbrook deliberately after a suppressed sigh, "is written around an almost original plot—characterization, the best you have done; construction, almost as good, except for a few weak joints which might be strengthened by a few changes and touches. It is a good story, except"—

"I can write English, can't I?" interrupted Dawe.

"I have always told you," said the editor, "that you had a style."

"Then the trouble is the"—

"Same old thing," said Editor Westbrook. "You work up to your climax like an artist, and then you turn yourself into a photographer. I don't know what form of obstinate madness possesses you, Shack, but that is what you do with everything that you write. No; I will retract the comparison with the photographer. Now and then photography, in spite of its impossible perspective, manages to record a fleeting glimpse of truth. But you spoil every denouement by those flat, drab, obliterating strokes of your brush that I have so often complained of. If you would rise to the literary pinnacle of your dramatic scenes and paint them in the high colors that art requires the postman would leave fewer bulky, self addressed envelopes at your door."

"Oh, diddles and footlights!" cried Dawe derisively. "You've got that old sawdust drama kink in your brain yet. When the man with the black mustache kidnaps golden haired Bessie you are bound to have the mother kneel and raise her hands in the spot light and say, 'May high heaven witness that I will rest neither night nor day till the heartless villain that has stolen my child feels the weight of a mother's vengeance!'"

Editor Westbrook conceded a smile of impervious complacency.

"I think," said he, "that in real life the woman would express herself in those words or in very similar ones."

"Not in a six hundred nights' run anywhere but on the stage," said Dawe hotly. "I'll tell you what she'd say in real life. She'd say: 'What! Bessie led away by a strange man? Good Lord! It's one trouble after another! Get my other hat. I must hurry around to the police station. Why wasn't somebody looking after her. I'd like to know? For God's sake, get out of my way or I'll never get ready. Not that hat—the brown one with the velvet bows. Bessie must have been crazy. She's usually shy of strangers. Is that too much powder? Lordy, how I'm upset!'

"That's the way she'd talk," continued Dawe. "People in real life don't fly into heroics and blank verse at emotional crises. They simply can't do it. If they talk at all on such occasions they draw from the same vocabulary that they use every day and muddle up their words and ideas a little more, that's all."

"Shack," said Editor Westbrook impressively, "did you ever pick up the mangled and lifeless form of a child from under the fender of a street car and carry it in your arms and lay it down before the distracted mother? Did you ever do that and listen to the words of grief and despair as they flowed spontaneously from her lips?"

"I never did," said Dawe. "Did you?"

"Well, no," said Editor Westbrook with a slight frown. "But I can well imagine what she would say."

"So can I," said Dawe.

And now the fitting time had come for Editor Westbrook to play the oracle and silence his opinionated contributor.

"My dear Shack," said he, "if I know anything of life I know that every sudden, deep and tragic emotion in the human heart calls forth an appositе, concordant, conformable and proportionate expression of feeling. How much of this inevitable accord between expression and feeling should be attributed to nature and how much to the influence of art it would be difficult to say. The sublimely terrible roar of the lioness that has been deprived of her cubs is dramatically as far above her customary whine and purr as the kingly and transcendent utterances of Lear are above the level of his senile vaporings. But it is also true that all men and women have what may be called a subconscious dramatic sense that is awakened by a sufficiently deep and powerful emotion—a sense unconsciously acquired from literature and the stage—that prompts them to express those emotions in language befitting their importance and histrionic value."

"And, in the name of the seven sacred saddle blankets of Sagittarius, where did the stage and literature get the stunt?" asked Dawe.

"From life," answered the editor triumphantly.

The story writer rose from the bench and gesticulated eloquently, but dumbly. He was beggared for words with which to formulate adequately his dissent.

Editor Westbrook looked at his watch with an affected show of leisure.

"Tell me," asked Dawe, with truculent anxiety, "what especial faults in 'The Alarum of the Soul' caused you to throw it down."

"When Gabriel Murray," said Westbrook, "goes to his telephone and is told that his dancee has been shot by a burglar he says—I do not recall the exact words, but"—

"I do," said Dawe. "He says: 'Damn central; she always cuts me off!' (And then to his friend) 'Say, Tommy, does a 32 bullet make a big hole? It's kind of hard luck, ain't it? Could you get me a drink from the sideboard, Tommy? No; straight, nothing on the side.'"

"And, again," continued the editor without pausing for argument, "when Berenice opens the letter from her husband informing her that he has fled with the manicure girl her words are—let me see"—

"She says," interposed the author, "'Well, what do you think of that?'"

"Absurdly inappropriate words," said Westbrook, "presenting an anticlimax, plunging the story into hopeless pathos. Worse yet, they mirror life falsely. No human being ever uttered banal colloquialisms when confronted by sudden tragedy."

"Wrong," said Dawe, closing his unshaven jaws doggedly. "I say no man or woman ever spouts highfalutin talk when they go up against a real climax. They talk naturally and a little worse."

The editor rose from the bench with his air of indulgence and inside information.

"Say, Westbrook," said Dawe, pinning him by the lapel, "would you have accepted 'The Alarum of the Soul' if you had believed that the ac-

"AIN'T IT H—L, NOW, SHACK—AIN'T IT?"

tions and words of the characters were true to life in the parts of the story that we discussed?"

"It is very likely that I would if I believed that way," said the editor. "But I have explained to you that I do not."

"If I could prove to you that I am right?"

"I'm sorry, Shack, but I'm afraid I haven't time to argue any further just now."

"I don't want to argue," said Dawe. "I want to demonstrate to you from life itself that my view is the correct one."

"How could you do that?" asked Westbrook in a surprised tone.

"Listen," said the writer seriously. "I have thought of a way. It is important to me that my theory of true to life fiction be recognized as correct by the magazines. I've fought for it for three years, and I'm down to my last dollar, with two months' rent due."

"I have applied the opposite of your theory," said the editor, "in selecting the fiction for the Minerva Magazine. The circulation has gone up from 100,000 to"—

"Four hundred thousand," said Dawe, "whereas it should have been boosted to a million."

"You said something to me just now about demonstrating your pet theory."

"I will. If you'll give me about half an hour of your time I'll prove to you that I am right. I'll prove it by Louise."

"Your wife!" exclaimed Westbrook. "How?"

"Well, not exactly by her, but with her," said Dawe. "Now, you know how devoted and loving Louise has always been. She thinks I'm the only genuine preparation on the market that bears the old doctor's signature. She's been fonder and more faithful than ever since I've been cast for the neglected genius part."

"Indeed, she is a charming and admirable life companion," agreed the editor. "I remember what inseparable friends she and Mrs. Westbrook once were. We are both lucky chaps, Shack, to have such wives. You must bring Mrs. Dawe up some evening soon, and we'll have one of those informal chafing dish suppers that we used to enjoy so much."

"Later," said Dawe, "when I get another shirt. And now I'll tell you my scheme. When I was about to leave home after breakfast—if you can call tea and oatmeal breakfast—Louise told me she was going to visit her aunt in Eighty-ninth street. She said she would return home at 3 o'clock. She is always on time to a minute. It is now"—

Dawe glanced toward the editor's watch pocket.

"Twenty-seven minutes to 3," said Westbrook, scanning his timepiece.

"We have just enough time," said Dawe. "We will go to my flat at once. I will write a note, address it to her and leave it on the table where she will see it as she enters the door. You and I will be in the dining room concealed by the portieres. In that note I'll say that I have fled from her forever with an affinity who understands the needs of my artistic soul as she never did. When she reads it we will observe her actions and hear her words. Then we will know which theory is the correct one—yours or mine."

"Oh, never!" exclaimed the editor, shaking his head. "That would be inexcusably cruel. I could not consent to have Mrs. Dawe's feelings played upon in such a manner."

"Brace up," said the writer. "I guess I think as much of her as you do. It's for her benefit as well as mine. I've got to get a market for my stories in some way. It won't hurt Louise. She's healthy and sound."

Editor Westbrook at length yielded, though but half willingly. And in the half of him that consented lurked the vivisectionist that is in all of us. Let him who has not used the scalpel rise and stand in his place. Pity 'tis that there are not enough rabbits and guinea pigs to go around.

The two experimenters in art left the square and hurried eastward and then to the south until they arrived in the Gramercy neighborhood. Within its high iron railings the little park had put on its smart coat of vernal green and was admiring itself in its fountain mirror. Outside the railings the hollow square of crumbling houses, shells of a bygone gentry, leaned as if in ghostly gossip over the forgotten doings of the vanished quality. Sic transit gloria urbis!

A block or two north of the park Dawe steered the editor again eastward, then, after covering a short distance, into a lofty but narrow brownhouse burdened with a doridly overdecorated facade. To the fifth story they toiled, and Dawe, panting, pushed his latchkey into the door of one of the front flats.

When the door opened Editor Westbrook saw, with feelings of pity, how meanly and meagerly the rooms were furnished.

"Get a chair, if you can find one," said Dawe, "while I hunt up pen and ink. Hello! What's this? Here's a note from Louise. She must have left it there when she went out this morning."

He picked up an envelope that lay on the center table and tore it open. He began to read the letter that he drew out of it, and, once having begun it aloud, he so read it through to the end. These are the words that Editor Westbrook heard:

Dear Shackleford—By the time you get this I will be about a hundred miles away and still a-going. I've got a place in the chorus of the Occidental Opera company, and we start on the road today at 12 o'clock. I didn't want to starve to death, and so I decided to make my own living. I'm not coming back. Mrs. Westbrook is going with me. She said she was tired of living with a combination phonograph, iceberg and dictionary, and she's not coming back either. We've been practicing the songs and dances for two months on the quiet. I hope you will be successful and get along all right. Goodby!

LOUISE.

Dawe dropped the letter, covered his face with his trembling hands and cried out in a deep, vibrating voice:

"My God, why hast thou given me this cup to drink? Since she is false, then let thy heaven's fairest gifts, faith and love, become the jesting by words of traitors and fiends!"

Editor Westbrook's glasses fell to the floor. The fingers of one hand fumbled with a button on his coat as he blurted between his pale lips:

"Say, Shack, ain't that a h—l of a note? Wouldn't that knock you off your perch, Shack? Ain't it h—l, now, Shack—ain't it?"

JOHN BEVERLY'S THANKSGIVING.

Story of Stubborn Pride Humbled and Friends Reunited.

By DAISY WRIGHT FIELD.

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"No, I ain't never goin' to forgive her!"

It was the same answer, in the same dogged and unrelenting tone, accompanied by the same forbidding frown, that had been meted out to Susan Beverly for seven long years. Each year just before Thanksgiving she had ventured the same question longingly, "John, ain't you goin' to forgive her an' ask her home fer Thanksgivin'?" only to experience each time a fresh pang of disappointment. If she could only have kept from hoping, but she couldn't. Tender, forgiving, impulsive herself, she could not understand the nature of the man she had married

"THE HOSPITAL—AN IMMEDIATE OPERATION! IT'S HIS ONLY CHANCE."

and faithfully served for thirty years. Pride, the stubborn, wrongful pride that forbids a man to own his faults, had shut him away from the joy that comes from a realization of the truth that "to err is human, to forgive divine."

Mrs. Beverly wiped her eyes on her apron with a trembling hand.

"Oh, John, how can you be so hard on your own girl, and sech a good girl as she allus was too? If it had been some awful thing she'd done; but jest marryin' a doctor, 'stead o' a farmer! How could the poor child control her heart? An' I hear they're doin' well up in the city. Got a nice home with everything fixed up convenient" an' one o' these big red automobiles"—

"Durned foolishness!" snorted the farmer, reaching for his coat. "D'you think I'd countenance one o' my family ridin' in one o' them contraptions o' the devil? I ain't got no use fer them nor their fine fitified airs."

"But the children, John—they've got two, an' I ain't never seen either of 'em, an'"—

"You c'n put up our dinner. We'll be over in the south lot cuttin' wood all day," was the curt rejoinder.

She watched her husband and son out of sight as they trudged heavily across the meadow, now blackened by the frost. The latter was a sturdy, broad shouldered fellow, born and trained for a tiller of the soil, a typical young farmer in his overalls, checked jumper and broad straw hat. There was no chance of John Beverly being disappointed in his son and heir. Philip was perfectly content to follow in his father's footsteps, city life possessing no attractions for him that were not overborne by the independent toil, the free life and the wholesome surroundings of his country home. He was the pride of his father's heart and all the more his hope and idol since his only daughter had chosen her own mate regardless of his wishes and had preferred a doctor with a city practice to a well to do farmer whom he had picked out for her as he would have considered purchasing for her a new saddle pony.

"If anything was to happen to Philip," mused Susan Beverly as she put up a clean roller towel and began to clear away the breakfast dishes, "it'd nigh about kill his pa."

Then a sudden chill of rebellion struck her. Hadn't she given up her idol, her only girl, almost, it seemed to her, before dolls and mud pies had given place to beaus and long dresses, not as other mothers do, to see her settled in her own home, to visit back and forth, to share her sweet domesticity, to hold her little children in her arms? No. She had said goodby to Millie as if she had been laying the pretty, gentle child in her grave and had never seen her since nor the dear little babes that God had sent her.

Surely hers was a sad, a bitter lot. Yet something sang in her heart as she worked today, the vague melody hope croons for us sometimes when our prospects seem darkest. She baked and brewed and scrubbed and polished, and when all was done and in order she carefully ironed her own neat print dress, white collar and apron for the morrow's donning.

Six o'clock approached, the hour when her husband and son might be expected, and a bountiful supper was keeping warm in the range oven. The pantry door hid from sight a goodly collection of the usual Thanksgiving viands, the floor shone spotlessly, and every pan and cup gleamed like a mirror from its place on the kitchen wall. The kettle sang, the cat purred; the hissing fire warmly defied the biting frost of the blast outside, which was rising in severity. All was peace, coziness and comfort when Mrs. Beverly was suddenly startled by a wild, disheveled figure dinging itself in at the door.

"Philip!" gasped John Beverly chokingly, his face whiter than his wife's apron. "He is hurt—crushed—under a tree!"

Even as her shriek of wild dismay rang out a huge automobile came chuff-chuffing up to the gate, and a stranger sprang out.

"Quick, come and help me rescue my boy!" cried out John Beverly, running toward him wildly. "He was cuttin' down a tree an' it fell on him, an' I couldn't lift it!"

"Oh, hurry!" panted Philip's mother. "He may be dead—dyin'—already."

The stranger spoke a swift word or two to the heavily veiled woman in the big red car and helped her out, then lifted to the ground the boy and girl on the back seat. Then he almost flung the old man into the seat, sprang in and at a touch sent the huge machine gliding over the smooth white roadway.

It seemed incredible to John Beverly, who had walked the weary mile many a time, that they could have negotiated it in such a short space of time, but almost before he was through giving the stranger directions they rolled into the wood and the next instant were at work freeing the unconscious boy. The stranger made a rapid examination of the latter's injuries, which confirmed the grave fears he had entertained at the first glance.

"The hospital—an immediate operation! It's his only chance," was his terse comment.

"But," his father cried, aghast at the awful possibilities, "the nearest hospital is twenty miles away!"

Silently the stranger pointed to the motorcar. Together they placed the injured boy as comfortably as possible within it. The stranger did what he could to stop the bleeding and make the patient easy, pulling out a black medical case from beneath the seat.

"You're a doctor?" queried John Beverly, eying him curiously. The man only nodded, being engrossed in his work. When it was finished he snapped shut the case, threw it into the machine, sprang in himself and, without a backward glance, sent the car spinning out into the road again.

That wild ride was a dream, a kind of nightmare to Philip's father, crouching low in the seat and holding his boy's head in his lap, not knowing whether to hope or to fear. Houses and hills and trees flew by, enveloped in a kind of haze. The walls of the hospital rose before them—near—nearer—they were there. And they carried Philip away and told his father to wait in the room outside.

It was nearly an hour after they had taken him into the operating room that the father heard the glad news from the head surgeon:

"Your son is doing nicely. He has a strong constitution and ought to be out of here in a week or two."

Then, with a smile and a nod toward the stranger who had brought Philip, the surgeon added:

"A great deal is due to Dr. Everett here. A bit of bungling at the start might have meant death to your son, but his wise handling of the case, and especially his getting the boy here so promptly, spelled success in a very serious case."

"Dr.—Everett!" gasped John Beverly, blundering, as the familiar lines

"I AIN'T FITTEN TO TAKE YER HAND, NED, MY BOY, I AIN'T."

of a more youthful face began to shape themselves behind the stranger's heavy masculine beard. "Not Ned Everett—not my daughter Millie's husband?"

"The same," exclaimed the latter heartily, holding out his hand to his father-in-law. "Millie and I could stand it no longer, but were planning to take you by surprise."

The old man placed his toil worn hand in that of his son-in-law.

"I ain't fitten to take yer hand, Ned, my boy," he said humbly. "I'm a blind, stubborn old fool. But if yer willin' to let bygones be bygones I'll be the gratefullest and happiest man in Noo York."

A few minutes later, as he stood beside his son, who smiled hopefully, if wanly, up from his pillow, he turned to the young doctor:

"Well, I ought to give thanks tomorrer sure enough," said he. "The Lord's giv' me back my boy an' my girl an' throwed in a mighty fine son-in-law fer good measure."

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

(Continued from page 1)

suing year are Geo. B. Whitehill of Haselhurst, president; and Miss Baxter of Port Allegany, secretary.

The Directors' Association.

The attendance at the meeting held by the Directors' Association on Wednesday and Thursday was excellent. The regular program was carried out with the exception of the address on Medical Inspection in the Schools by Dr. M. J. Sweeney of Kane who was unable to be present. He sent a paper which was read by Dr. Clark. At the business meeting of the association a resolution was adopted inviting the directors of Bradford City to meet with the directors of the county hereafter. Messrs. L. G. Dana of Foster township, F. D. Gallup of Smethport and A. T. Larson of Wetmore township were elected delegates to the State Directors' Association which meets at Harrisburg. The officers for the ensuing year are: F. D. Gallup, president; E. K. Kane and D. C. Young, vice presidents; W. F. Specht, secretary, John Clark, treasurer.

Thursday Morning.

The Rev. McGavern of the Smethport M. E. church conducted the devotional exercises with the reading of Scripture and prayer. Supt. Bayle expressed his pleasure at seeing so many directors present and he introduced the first instructor, Mrs. Olcott, who spoke of "A Modern Knight." Mrs. Olcott spoke of the regret she felt at the fact that men are dropping out of the teacher's profession. There is a certain part of a boy's character which needs a man's help and influence, an influence which even the finest woman instructor cannot furnish. She appealed to the teachers to strive to raise up modern knights to come to the help of justice. She told the story of "A Modern Knight" in the city of Cleveland, and of his work for the protection of the helpless emigrants in that city. Miss Irma Wells of Smethport, who gave such pleasure to the teachers with her work at the piano, was introduced and recited "Mrs. Wiggins on Woman's Rights." She was heartily encored. By special request Miss Willis recited "The Bobolink Song." Dr. Ellis addressed the high school teachers and the directors on "Moral Training." Dr. Ellis said that as he saw it the question of "Moral Training" seems to divide itself into two problems. The first is to care for the formation of ideals. The second is to transform the wrong ideals. The child gets his ideals from the home, from the spirit of the age, from the books he reads, from his companions and from the teachers and the school. The teacher should form ideals by his life, by the way he does things, by the organization of the school, and by the lessons he teaches. History and literature are filled with opportunities for forming ideals and for transforming wrong ideals. The child must learn to choose between the right ideal in the face of the wrong ideal. It is not enough to train only the judgment as to what is right and wrong. The test of character is conduct. Teachers should strive to do few definite things rather than a multitude of indefinite things. Some one has said there are only three things a teacher needs to do, teach uprightedness, thoroughness and reverence.

Miss Willis addressed the grammar school teachers on the "Fundamental Requirements." Vocal training is the necessity for pure tones. Hindrances mentioned are the home conditions and the teacher's own harsh voice. Miss Willis gave helps in correcting conditions and recited "What Counts," to the great pleasure of the teachers.

Mrs. Olcott opened the department all work for the primary teachers with a Swedish Folk Game, combining exercise with singing. Then with a class of eight little people from the Smethport schools she showed how to dramatize a simple fascinating story introducing animal characters.

Thursday Afternoon.

Miss Willis gave her talk on the value of the story in the class room. She recited that wonderful masterpiece from the pen of Henry Vandyke, the story of "The Other Wise Man." Teachers who have not read this remarkable story should not fail to secure a copy and read it again and again for it contains the best exposition of the teachers' motto "Ich Diem."

Dr. Cogswell sang a beautiful solo entitled "The Legend and the Lily."

Dr. Ellis discussed the relation between the school and the community or society at large. The school owes the community a fair return for the investment made. Vacation schools, night schools ad select schools have a right to the use of the school plant. The community has furnished the school curriculum: Dr. Ellis showed how the curriculum has grown. Up to 1789 the Massachusetts schools taught only reading and writing. In 1789, arithmetic, grammar and spelling were added. In 1826 geography was added, history in 1857 and drawing in 1870. All were added to the school studies by the demand of the community life. The community has invested the most precious thing in all the world, human life. It expects that human life to come back richer and larger for having been there. Dr. Ellis then made an earnest appeal to the teachers to do what they can and all they can to uplift and help and brighten the life of the boys and girls in our schools. He again emphasized the necessity of knowing the home life and surroundings of pupils. You can't do all your work within the four walls of your schoolroom.

Thursday Evening.

The Wilbur Starr Concert Company gave the last of the Institute Course of entertainments in the Lyceum on Thursday evening. The company consists of a male quartet and Mrs. Starr, pianist, cellist and accompanist. A more satisfactory concert company never appeared at the Smethport Institute. For compass and variety its program would be hard to excel. The work of Mr. Starr as an impersonator is remarkable. His portrayal of dialect characters won constant applause. It was a fine entertainment.

Friday Morning.

Dr. Cogswell conducted the devotional exercises and led in singing. Mrs. Olcott gave her final instruction on "Inherited Memory." Soyle one has called "instruct" inherited memory. Mrs. Olcott traced the influence of environment on the evolution of animals, and applied the principles discovered to the development of human character. She closed her instruction with this sentiment. Work then for pleasure, teach or sing or carve the things that thou lovest.—Who works for glory misses oft the goal; who works for money coins his very soul. Work for the work's sake then and it may be that these things shall be added unto thee.

Resolutions.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Directors' Association.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 2, 1910.

Whereas, we the school directors of McKean county are about to adjourn from this, our seventh annual convention, which has proven so entertaining and instructive to us,

Therefore, Be it resolved, that we extend to our President, Vice Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer, our appreciation of their services during the year.

Resolved, that we still uphold and view with satisfaction the good results, where properly carried out, of the Illinois Course of Study, and still recommend its universal adoption in all schools of this county.

Resolved that we have noticed with satisfaction the improvement made in writing in different schools of our county under the Palmer Method of Business Writing adopted by several of our townships, and would recommend that it be introduced in all schools of this county.

Resolved that we would respectfully recommend the introduction of Manual Training, Agriculture and Domestic Science where possible, and should be made a part of the course of study in all high schools.

Resolved that we put great appreciation in the special efforts put forth by our efficient superintendent, B. S. Bayle, in furthering the cause of education by procuring the many able and talented instructors that have made this year's Teachers' Institute the best and most helpful ever held in our county.

Resolved that we would hereby express our thanks to all of the talent that addressed our meetings and especially Miss Willis and Dr. Ellis.

Resolved that we realize the value and benefits derived by the annual meetings of our Directors' Association and would respectfully ask and urge every director of our county to attend our next annual session and thereby become more proficient in the work of the advancement of the Public Schools under our jurisdiction.

D. C. YOUNG,
A. R. ANDERSON,
ISAAC WALKER,
Committee.

The following resolutions were presented by the committee and adopted by the Institute:

Whereas, an excellent and most profitable Intitute is about to close, and whereas, the people of Smethport and the pastors of the churches have been instrumental in advancing the personal welfare of the teachers and have contributed to the success of the institute, and whereas, the able instructors by their inspiring address and our efficient County Superintendent by his untiring energy, have made this the best institute it has ever been our privilege to attend, and we sincerely hope that the seeds of inspiration given may be spread over the county and that an abundant harvest may result.

Therefore, be it resolved, that we extend our hearty thanks to the people and pastors of Smethport; to the instructors, Mrs. Olcott, Miss Willis, Dr. Gordinier, Dr. Cogswell and Dr. Ellis who have shown that they are masters of their subjects and know how to present them in interesting and instructive manner; to our faithful and energetic Superintendent, Burdette S. Bayle; to Miss Wells for her capable work at the piano; to Mrs. Henry Hamlin for flowers; and to all others who have in any way contributed to the success of the institute.

Whereas, the county has lost by death one of its best teachers, Mr. J. F. Conrad, and as we miss him from our number,

Be it resolved, that we, his fellow teachers, express our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and that the resolution be published in "The Visitor" and that a copy be sent to the family.

Respectfully submitted,
MARARET F. BROGAN,
LILLIE E. ROYCE,
F. A. BERKENSTOCK.

The teachers of Keating township have announced that they will hold a local institute at East Smethport on Saturday, December 10. All teachers who can are asked to be present.

Friday morning Dr. Ellis spoke of "The Real Pedagogue." A pedagogue in the old Grecian civilization, was the slave who led the child to school. The modern pedagogue is one who has learned from a little child. Better than the study of a book is the study of a child. It is better to live a year with a great teacher than ten years with books. Dr. Ellis has labored the entire week to impress upon the teachers the importance of that close touch that the teacher must have who is a real help and uplift to his pupils. The teacher must learn more from his pupils than ever he can hope to teach them.

Before adjourning the Institute, Supt. Bayle announced that he had secured a promise from Dr. Ellis to return to our Institute next year. The announcement was greeted with hearty applause. The Institute adjourned at 11:30. It is the sentiment of every one, and expressed in the resolutions of the Institute and of the Directors' Association that this was the best Institute yet held in McKean county. Supt. Bayle thanked and commended the teachers for their faithful attendance and earnest attention and help in the work of the week.

Knight Errantry.

When Chance, Romance and a brave free lance
Kept all the roads of circumstance,
Those were the days of gold,
With a maiden sweet,
With a dragon meet
For chaperon, strange knights would greet
Upon the lonesome wold.

Now, you know few of our stunts go through
Just as we really want them to,
And we're mainly around the knees.
We nearly drop
When a strolling cop
In the park says: "Spooning has got to stop
So beat it, if you please."

Yes, at times in rhymes we sigh for the climes
Where the wind brings the cadence of cowbell chimes,
For castles on countless hills,
For a maid in distress
(That's the business?)
These days all we do is to hook up a dress
And settle some little bills.

—Smart Set.

His Singular Prejudices.

"What do you consider the loudest crying evils of this country?" flippantly asked the reporter.

The militant reformer and sociologist who had come from the other side of the ocean to straighten out the tangles in this crude and uncouth republic did not hesitate a moment.

"Your barbarous jails and your half civilized sleeping cars," he roared. "I have been incarcerated in both."—Chicago Tribune.

Advice to the Bibulous.

If your key won't fit the hole,
Try, try again.
You may strike it, bless your soul!
Try, try again.
Don't lie down upon the floor
Of the porch, beside the door.
Softly feel around once more—
Try, try again.

If you stumble over chairs,
Try, try again.
If you fall upon the stairs,
Try, try again.
If the bed goes hurrying
While you try to catch the thing,
To your promise nobly cling—
Try, try again.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Uncertain.

Cousin Bob—So Arthur proposed last night?

Maud—Yes.

Cousin Bob—And did you accept him?

Maud—I was so awfully excited I don't know whether I accepted him or not. If he comes tonight I did, and if he doesn't I didn't.—Quincy Patriot.

Strong Evidence.

I wouldn't criticise my dad,
But I do think
That he last evening must have had
A bit to drink.

My words about my kin and kith
Are very few,
But dad was manifestly with
A rummy crew.

The flagon evidently passed.
I know it, for
When dad came in last night he kissed
The janitor.

—Kansas City Journal.

A Case For the Board of Health.

"Yes," said Barkins as he lit an oppressive two cent cigar and began puffing up on it, "I must confess I am fond of the weed."

"Well, all I've got to say," said Binks, jumping to windward of the smoker, "is that if we had a live health officer in this town that weed would be pulled."—Harper's Weekly.

Measuring Time.

We knew her, be it understood,
And it was quite a blow
When she forsook our neighborhood
About nine cooks ago.

But now the lady when we pass
No friendship doth evince.
She got beyond our humble class
At least three husbands since.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Angelina Score.

When Edwin reached home the other evening he was pained to find Angelina with tears streaming down her face. In his mental vision he pictured some great catastrophe. Had the cook given notice? Or had the baby cut the wrong tooth? Or—or—whatever could it be?

"My love," he cried, "why are you weeping?"

"I ahn not weeping," she replied cheerily; "these tears are stimulated."

"Ha! ha!" he laughed in a superior manner. "You mean simulated, my dear—simulated."

"No, I don't," she returned. "I mean stimulated. I've been peeling onions."—Ideas.

Double Barreled Poems.

"Come back, come back," he cried in grief
Across the raging water.
"And I'll forgive your highland chief,
My daughter, O my daughter!"
—Tom Campbell.

Ben King also took a shot at it with—
"How often, oh, how often
The whispered words so soft—
How often, oh, how often,
How often, oh, how oft!"
—Chicago Tribune.

Dryden was the fellow who saw this bet and came again—
"He sank Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate
And wallowing in his blood!"
—Cleveland Leader.

"All the World's a Stage."

"All women are actresses, and the stories of their lives are all dramas."

"All right. What's a bachelor girl?"

"She's farce-comedy."

"What's a glass widow?"

"She's a problem play."

"What's an old maid?"

"A tragedy."

"What's a happy married woman?"

"She's a musical comedy, a fairy tale and a society drama all in one."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A Secret.

Mas' Turkey Gobbler, yo' looks mighty shy;
What yo' struttin' roun' so spry?
Yo' kin'rave yo' head so high—
But I know sumpin.

Win's a-blowin' mighty cold,
Knows it's sweet 'taters fo'—
Yo' am startin' mighty bold—
But I know sumpin.

Thanksgivin' ain't but few days off;
Taters gittin' mighty scarce—
Taters ain't the only sass—
But I know sumpin.

—Lippincott's.

A Hard Lesson to Learn.

"It was Marcus Aurelius, I believe, who said: 'Live as if you expected every day to be your last day.'"

"Yes, I think it was," said something of the kind. "I've often quoted it to my son, but I can't get him to take the lesson to heart. He seems to prefer to live as if every day were going to be pay day."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Blind Man.

He put her on a pedestal
And worshiped from afar,
Called her his blessed damosel,
His saint and guiding star.

Soon came a cave man on the scene
With "Hello, Kid! My name is Greene!
Behold my roll, my limousine!
Jump in! I know a preacher guy
Who is a wizard at the tie!"

And he who worshiped from afar
Now seeketh solace at the bar.

—Puck.

The Call of the Stage.

Farmer's Wife—I hear your son is making money out of his voice at the opera.

Byles—That's right, mum.

Farmer's Wife—Where did he learn singing?

Byles—Oh, he don't sing, mum. He calls the carriages!—New Haven Register.

One Girl's Bitter Experience.

I had a little bobble skirt.
It filled me with delight,
For it was saucy, yes, and pert,
And just a trifle tight.

I wore it out one sunny hour—
A cynosure I seemed—
When swiftly came a summer shower
And shrank it till I screamed!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Helps Plants.

Church—Here's an item that says the use of electric lights will make plants grow.

Gotham—I wonder what kind of plants?

"Electric light plants, I guess."—Yonkers Statesman.

Fortitude.

The man who tries a motorcar to run
Must bravely face the crowd and never shirk
The taunts of those who have all kinds of fun
While he perspires and tries to make it work.

—Washington Star.

Perfectly Legal.

He and she were studying law.
But he formed an attachment—for her.
And soon she had a lien on him,
Two years elapsed—
And then they had a little conveyance.—Judge.

A Modern Version.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat;
His wife could eat her fill.
She had a bird's wing on her hat,
And Jack—he had the bill.

—New York Times.

Appropriate Action.

"Shakespeare says to suit the word and the deed."

"I suppose that is why when pa told you to go to thunder for wanting to marry Sis you went at lightning speed."—Baltimore American.

Uncomfortable.

Uncomfortable now I sit
And scrape my form against a chair.
I'm breaking in, I must admit,
My heavy flannel underwear.

—Detroit Free Press.

"After all, you know, there is room for both men and women in this world. Men have their work to do, and women have theirs. It is the woman's work to provide for the inner man, and it is the man's to provide for the outer woman."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Her bobble skirt she wore today.
Alas, she tripped!
I turned my head the other way
When something ripped.

—Detroit Free Press.

"Conductor?"

"Yes, madam."

"Let me off at that pretty cloud."—Woman's Home Companion.

The horsefly sat at the side of the road
And watched the autos go whizzing by.
He disapproved of the modern mode,
And "Sissy!" was the cry of the equine fly.
For a horseless fly's like a wireless wire,
And there's not much food in the fireless tire.

—Cleveland Leader.

"Scotch mixtures will be popular this fall," observed the dressy man.

"To wear or to drink?" asked the man with the impressionistic nose.—Philadelphia Record.

When you'd grow powerful or rich
Remember as you stray
Some one may write his memoirs, which
Will give you dead away.

—Washington Star.

"Is he lazy?"

"I would hardly say that. You've heard the expression 'unseemly haste?'"

"Why, certainly!"

"Well, all haste looks that way to him."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Maud Muller sat upon the porch
And watched each automobile scorch.
The judge went by just like a shot,
But she—she recognized him not.
All kinds of pomp and show to her
Was wearisome. She could not stir.
Time was when she was poor, but now
A queenly calm was on her brow,
And judge or any wealthy jay
She simply spurned them every day.

Maud's father was a farmer who
Knew just exactly what to do.
He wasn't of the old third rate,
But was alive and up to date.
He cut his crop of hay and sold.
It for almost its weight in gold.
And that is why Maud was so proud
And felt above the country crowd.

—Boston Herald.

"The aviators couldn't fly on account of the weather."

"Ah! Now I see what is meant by the expression 'the mob higher up.'"—Youngstown Telegram.

If you'd speak ver mind true
Then more to ver mind wun.
Ain't this world the best one
Ever you was in?

—Atlanta Constitution.

Passenger on liner—Steward, it seems to me you don't serve as good fare on this steamer as you used.

Steward—No, sir. You see, everybody's eating. Nobody's seasick. Have to cut down expenses, sir.—Boston Transcript.

YOUR SUMMER OUTFIT.

We are Prepared to Supply From Hat to Hose—In the Best Taste and at Right Prices.

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